JOHN BULL, MARCH 9, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1760.

FREE SAVINGS STAMPS FOR YOU—See page 17.

JOHN BULL
TWOPENCE
FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

TEAM WORK TELLS

Get together and form a War Savings Group in your firm today

It's perfectly simple to start a Savings Group in your firm—and it's the soundest way to save for the future! Ask your employers to form a group now—or alternatively, you and your fellow-workers form one amongst yourselves.

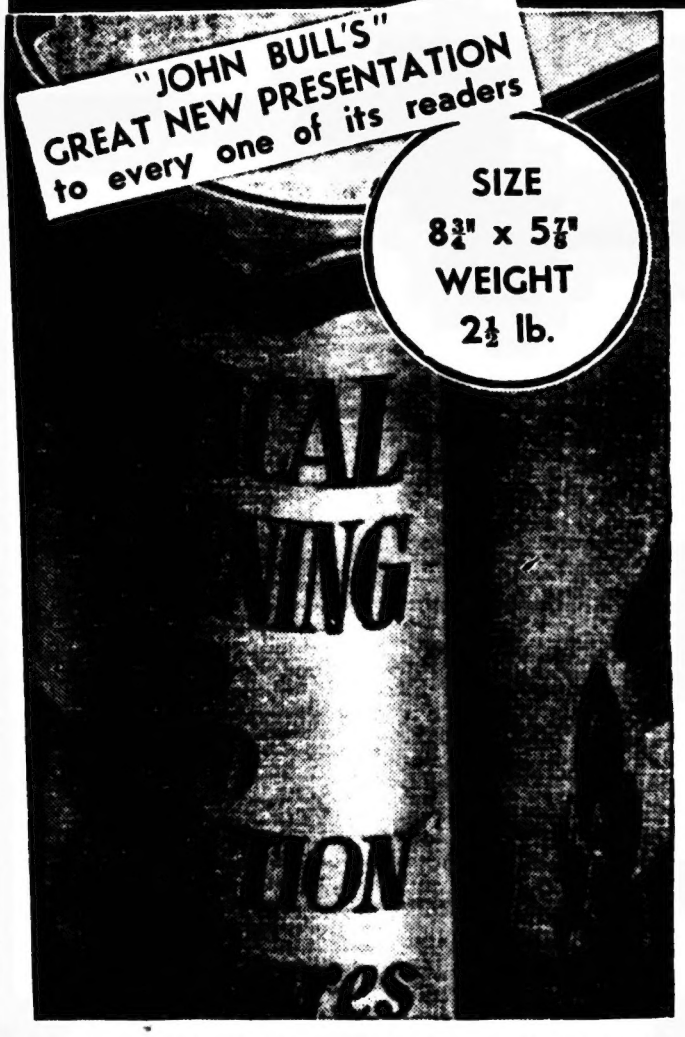
The weekly sums, no matter what size, that go into Group Savings mean millions a year to the country. They mean that Britain can wield a weapon of overwhelming power to hasten the end of the war.

Apply to your local Savings Committee or to the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.1.

LEND TO DEFEND THE RIGHT TO BE FREE

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

HURRY! LAST CHANCE!



to secure

THE WORLD'S GREATEST GARDENING BOOK

AN Entirely New Work—never before published—the only book of its kind in the world—cost a fortune to produce—yours at a privilege price that represents staggering value—tells what to do, shows how to do it in almost 1,000 pictures—thousands of vital, money-saving facts, hints and tips—final opportunity—you must apply at once.

"John Bull" Readers! Hurry! Here is the final opportunity for you to secure the World's greatest Gardening Book—"PRACTICAL GARDENING AND FOOD PRODUCTION IN PICTURES"! Now on the press—this book is REALLY different. In 480 pages, nearly ONE THOUSAND practical pictures and explanatory text, and thousands of vital hints and tips, this book tells you what to do and shows you how to do everything in the garden and on the allotment. It's all so reliable—so clear—so simple—YOU SIMPLY CAN'T GO WRONG! In the ordinary way this book would cost you at least ONE GUINEA. In view of the tremendous National importance of this work it is made available to "John Bull" readers at the truly phenomenal price of only 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. You will never again be able to get this book on these amazing terms—when this Edition is exhausted, the price, owing to increased production costs, will go up!

All you do now is send in the Forms below—together with 3d. in stamps. This reserves and guarantees your volume in your name. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Post Forms below immediately.

This great work is edited by Richard Sudell, famous gardening authority. No book ever published gives all this valuable information in Pictures. The one thousand specially prepared illustrations form the finest collection of practical gardening pictures ever to be assembled between two covers. The collection includes hundreds of popular annual, biennial and perennial flowers, shrubs, etc.

It tells and shows you everything you want to know—everything you want to grow!—all you want to know about flowers, trees, shrubs, borders, fruits and vegetables, insects, soils, weeds, allotments. What to do when planting, pruning, weeding, sowing, forcing, hoeing, digging, mowing, rolling. How to make paths, rose-screens, fences, walls, pools, cascades, rockeries, bird-baths, etc., etc., etc.

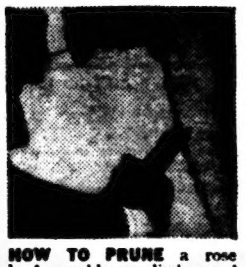
In addition to this complete and valuable advice and help on every aspect of Gardening there is an extra section of nearly 100 pages dealing with the many problems of wartime food production in garden and allotment—HOW TO KEEP POULTRY, BEES AND RABBITS.

This book is 8¾in. deep by 5¾in. wide, weight 2½lb.

For THE STANDARD EDITION in stiff covers of rich Green Cloth, embossed, you send after receipt of Invoice only **2s. 9d.**, plus **1s.**, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

For THE DE LUXE EDITION bound in stiff covers of Scarlet Morocco-grained Art Leathercloth embossed in **real 22-carat gold**, you send after receipt of Invoice only **3s. 9d.**, plus **1s.**, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW! Fill in the Final Reservation Forms below, affix a half-penny stamp to the Label, and post at once together with your Reservation Fee of 3d. (Threepence) in loose stamps. Be sure to indicate Edition required. On receipt of Forms you will be sent a Privilege Invoice entitling you to secure your Book on the special Privilege Terms. You then send in your remittance, and your volume will be dispatched, carriage paid to your home, when it comes off the press. Hurry! Post Forms below to-day.

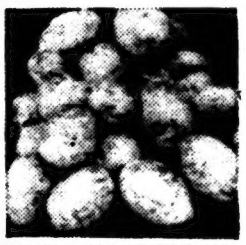


HOW TO PRUNE a rose bush, rambler or climber and flowering shrub or tree.

HOW TO PLANT all kinds of seeds for flowers and vegetables.

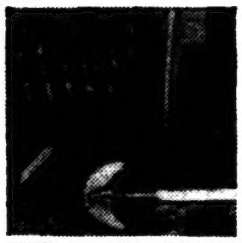
HOW TO GROW PLANTS from seed.

HOW TO MAKE A PAVED PATH, rock garden, ornamental pool, rustic work.



HOW TO GROW POTATOES, vegetables and fruit free from blemish.

HOW TO TURF A LAWN, or raise from seed, and keep in perfect condition.



HOW TO USE GARDEN TOOLS, their choice, care, and right methods of use.

HOW TO GROW FINE VEGETABLES, carrots, turnips, onions, cauliflowers, etc.

IT TELLS YOU WHAT TO DO AND SHOWS YOU HOW TO DO IT—IN ALMOST

1,000 PICTURES

AND EXPLANATORY TEXT

All you want to know about

ANNUAL FLOWERS
BIENNIALS & PERENNIALS
MIXED BORDERS
BEDDING PLANTS
LAWNS
GARDEN CONSTRUCTION & PREPARATION
CULTIVATION AND MAINTENANCE
PROPAGATION
FERTILIZING
PLANTING, GRAFTING
TRANSPLANTING
PESTS & DISEASES
TOWN & COUNTRY GARDENS
GARDEN PLANNING
PRUNING, WEEDING
FENCES, PONDS, PATHS
GREENHOUSES
GARDEN TOOLS
SOILS, CACTI, HEDGES
FLOWERING SHRUBS
ROSES, IRISES
CARNATIONS
CHRYSANTHEMUMS
BULBS OF ALL KINDS
ROCK GARDENS
FRUIT GARDENS
GARDEN AIDS
HARVESTING AND STORING VEGETABLE, FRUIT AND SALAD RECIPES
GARDEN FURNITURE
ETC., ETC., ETC.

Poultry, Bees, Rabbits, etc., etc.

Planting Diary for every Month of the Year

SPECIAL 100-PAGE WARTIME FOOD PRODUCTION SECTION

POST FORMS AT ONCE!

CUT ACROSS DOTTED LINE

"John Bull"

BOOK RESERVATION FINAL ORDER FORM

ADDRESS envelope exactly as shown and post to:

BOOK DEPT. J.D.2, "JOHN BULL,"
39, Eariham Street, LONDON, W.C.2 (Prof.).

Please reserve in my name a copy of "PRACTICAL GARDENING AND FOOD PRODUCTION IN PICTURES" and send me a Privilege Invoice entitling me to the special Privilege Price. I enclose with this Form 3d. (Threepence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Volume in my name. I have indicated edition desired.

IMPORTANT. You must send with this Form and Label your Reservation Fee of 3d. (Threepence) IN LOOSE STAMPS. Fill in your Name and Full Postal Address in BLOCK LETTERS on Label and affix a ½d. (Halfpenny) stamp to space provided. Form and Label and 3d. in stamps MUST be posted in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp.

STANDARD EDITION { You MUST cross out Edition NOT required. } DE LUXE EDITION

Write in BLOCK LETTERS.

YOUR NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

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DATE ——— / .....

Last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Tuesday, March 12th. Offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. "J.B." 9/3/40

A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

NAME

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FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

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.....

..... J.D.2

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER.
Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C. Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS.—80-pp. Illus. Spring Catlog. Post Free. Covers all Depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. guid. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

CROCKERY.—120 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. BAZAAR GOODS, TOYS, FANCY GOODS, etc. 144-page Catalogue free.—May (128), Birmingham.

SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES, best for tone and volume. Loud, Medium, Soft. 200 6d. Bronze pick-ups for Radios, 6d. 100.—Manufacturers, J. Stead & Co., Ltd., Sheffield.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY STREET, LEEDS.

AT NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1893 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills, 280 patterns, post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, Manchester, 4.

FREE booklet explains all about the world's finest wringer. Every home should have an Acme Wringer—it takes all the toil out of wringing and mangling. Obtainable in portable, or, if you have more room, folding stand models. Take the first step. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, for free illustrated booklet D 3—it is post free—to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ON PAGE 5.

There are all kinds of useful articles offered at bargain prices, and you can order with confidence knowing that each offer is covered by the *John Bull* guarantee on page 4. RILEY offer HOME BILLIARD TABLES from 5/6 down. Warm your greenhouse, garage or A.R.P. shelter with the Stockport Distributing Co.'s new FUMELESS HEATER, costing only 10/6. Washing in the home is made so easy with a GRAVES EPWORTH Combined Washer and Wringer. H. SAMUEL, LTD., offer a B g Free Book of Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Cutlery, etc. These and many other interesting announcements appear in
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW.

EMPLOYMENT.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Reserved Occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No experience required.—For FREE details of openings, etc., apply CHAMBERS COLLEGE, (Dept. 619), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police; study at home in your spare time; special courses for entrance and promotion; full particulars or advice about other careers, commercial, technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept. A.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-Time Entrance Service and details of pay and duties in the various branches. — B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

NOW is your chance to get into a Skilled Key Position. Fatherly advice free. Mention what interests you.—Write, F.A. Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP.—Men over 21 wanted for Reserved Occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering, Government Service, etc. No exp. reqd. FREE details of rapid preparation and employment service for these vacancies from NAT. INST. of ENG. (Dept. 362), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.

CIVIL Service.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year, ages 16-24. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key position; make your future solid. It needs Technical Training. We can give you that by post.—Full particulars free: Dept. D.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

MEN who can handle tools, Wood or Metal, Wanted as Teachers of Handicrafts in Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence course will fit you for an appointment. Advice free.—Dept. E 16, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

REPORTERS and Journalists Wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.36, The Bennett College Ltd., Sheffield.

A GREAT GUIDE TO CAREERS. — FREE.—The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly paid Administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship, or the Public Services. Write to-day.—The School of Accountancy, 369, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

TRACERS & DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS read urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY; there are lots of vacancies; our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Sheffield.

POLICE RECRUITS WANTED for permanent, pensionable appointments in various Forces. Good physique important. — Write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), Oxford Street, W.1.

AIR Force.—Young Men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, get the advice of Mr. Bennett, Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield. It may make a wonderful difference to your future.—Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE
10s. per line.
A line averages six words.
Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London.—W.C.2

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

PERSONAL.
MEN, WOMEN PAST 40! FEEL YOUNG as ever. New Oystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster stimulants, vitamins, general invigorators. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force, or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/9. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots', Timothy White's, and Taylor's.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

A FREE Sample of Nostroline is offered in the advertisement on page 35.

FREE! Sufferers from nerves, shortness of breath, pains around the heart can obtain a free supply of Oxien Brand Tablets if they write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Giant Oxie Co., Ltd. (Dept. 222 W.A.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C.4. This offer is made in the announcement on page 33.

A FREE sample of Dr. Blosser's Herb Cigarettes to bring comfort and relief to catarrh and asthma sufferers will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 W.T.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

WAKE UP

To-morrow morning and

BREATHE

Here's how to break an attack of Nasal Catarrh or a Head Cold in ONE NIGHT! Thousands have tested and proved the remarkable efficacy of this simple treatment. Why not you? Why endure the misery of stuffed nostrils—clogged breathing passages—head noises—deafness—and the constant poisoning of your system by germ-laden mucus? To-night, before you go to bed, apply some 'Mentholatum' into your nostrils and rub some on your throat and chest. This breathable balm volatilises instantly. All night long—while you sleep—its penetrating antiseptic vapours will be reaching deep into your air passages—dispersing congestion, stopping infection, dissolving mucus, soothing and protecting irritated mucous membranes. To-morrow morning you will wake with your head clear, able to breathe freely. Even Chronic Catarrh yields to this wonderful treatment. 'Mentholatum' Brand Balm conquers Colds, Catarrh and Influenza. Sold by all Chemists at 6d. and 1/3. Get some to-day.

MENTHOLATUM
BRAND BALM

6D. *tins and* **1/3** *jars all chemists—Stops the Attack or Money Back*

If you prefer, ask for the LIQUID form, price 1/3 complete with dropper

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., Dept. "O," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blundens, Dept. 129G., 9, Oxford St., W.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

CATARRH Sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull*, to "Vick," 210, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp.

IN Molly Montague's announcement last week, sufferers from rheumatism were invited to apply for a free sample of Curicones and a special booklet. Readers who have not yet accepted this offer should do so at once. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Molly Montague, Dept. J.B.3, 19, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, when the free sample and special booklet will come by return.

FOR slight dandruff, hair beginning to fall, lank hair, weak hair—the perfect dressing that will restore the natural health to the hair is Silvikrin lotion. Obtainable from all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

IF you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1, for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?"

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. prescription.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N.9), Plest Lane, London, E.C.4. See p. 29.

MOTHERS, send for this free Book! If you have a baby, you must have a copy of "Hints to Mothers." Just send a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to John Steedman and Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17, and a free copy will come by return. See page 29.

ACCEPT this unique Health offer. If you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Yestamin Co., Dept. C.1 (The English Grain Co., Ltd.), Burton-on-Trent, for full-size 6d. tin of 40 tablets of Yestamin, the new yeast treatment. Enclose 3d. stp. for postage.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422N), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

RETAILERS!
THOUSANDS OF ORDERS
are
POSTED DAILY.

Why limit trade to Local requirements? In times like these TENS OF THOUSANDS must BUY BY POST. *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" reaches millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull* (Room 23) 57-59 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

FREE ADVICE ON HOME POULTRY KEEPING.—Eggs are going to be dearer, and everyone should take steps to ensure an adequate supply of eggs—vital food for all the family. Learn how you can secure full egg baskets economically. Apply at once for FREE BROCHURE to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, who will also send you full details of a remarkable money-saving scheme. Send a postcard at once to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic (Dept. J./5) 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Pref.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

IS your radio reception perfect, or are you troubled with unwanted stations and crackling noises? The wonder D.X. Aerial Eliminator, fitted in thirty seconds, will ensure trouble-free radio. See R. Wigfield and Co's announcement on page 5.

TWELVE glorious bush roses offered for 5/-, carriage paid. This is only one of the many outstanding gardening bargains offered by Rose Growers, Dept. J.B., Dry Drayton, Cambridge.

PERM, your hair at home without any complicated mechanical contrivances. Free book tells you all about this great money-making and saving idea. See page 5.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS.
Pre-War prices. 56/9 profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. Smp! 300-hole board 3/9 & illus. cat.—BURDON HUNTER, 26, Woodville Road, London, E.11.

MEN who wear the new Vergas belt (from 6/6) are better able to tackle work without fatigue or strain. Free service with this belt after six months' wear.—Send now to Vergas, Dept. J.B., 136, Baker Street, London, W.1.

SOME people suffer much more than others from war strain. Good, sound sleep ensured by Horlick's taken at bedtime gives body, nerves and brain complete repose. Horlick's, the nourishing, well-balanced food, restores body, nerves and brain completely. Think how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel after the restorative sleep that everyone should have and which Horlick's alone bestows. Horlick's can be obtained at all Chemists and Grocers.

NOTE to Employers and Employees! Has a National Savings Group been formed in your office, works or shop? If not, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.1.

THE first wash will convince you that Sylvan Flakes are 100 per cent. safe for your precious silks and fluffy woollies. There is not a trace of soda in Sylvan Flakes to harm your hands. Buy a big economy packet to-day and prove these things for yourself. You can get a giant packet for 1/-. Other economy sizes 6d. and 3½d.

ARE you one of the millions of people who start every morning with Kellogg's Corn Flakes, those big golden flakes packed with energy? Kellogg's Corn Flakes are always delicious. Crisp, crunchy, oven-fresh—every spoonful is a sheer delight. They are ready to serve straight from the packet—no cooking, no bother, no waiting about till breakfast's ready. You can get Kellogg's from your grocer. They cost only 5d. and there are 10 big breakfasts in every packet. See page 28.

ARDATH Straight Cut Duty-free cigarettes for the Forces in France and H.M. Navy (sea-going ships in commission). You can send 250 cigarettes for 5/-, including postage and packing. Parcels can be sent through your usual tobacconist. For further particulars relating to full list of brands of cigarettes and tobacco, together with Duty-free prices, write to the House of State Express, 310, Piccadilly, London, W.1, where orders enclosing remittances may also be sent. Ardath Straight Cut are the Navy's favourite cigarette. You can obtain them everywhere at home at 10 for 6d. from all tobacconists.

PILES
Are Wonderfully Relieved by Zam-Buk

"I got no peace from the pain and itching of piles. It was agony to walk about and many a night I hardly had any sleep. But when I used Zam-Buk this grand ointment was wonderfully soothing. It also ended the piles and made life worth living again." Mrs. A. O., Weybridge.

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? Use Zam-Buk Ointment, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain and smarting, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing serious complications. Use Zam-Buk regularly and soon be on the way to a cure. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

For Inward PILES — *In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.*

SOLID ZAM-BUK

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

ASTHMA

Since 1869 Himrod's Asthma Cure has been recognized as a Standard Asthma Remedy throughout the world and after 70 years it continues its high reputation for providing relief to Asthmatics.

"The only relief I could get . . . If I had known it earlier". "DISRAELI, LORD BEACONSFIELD"

"This is an excellent remedy for asthma." SIR MORRELL MACKENZIE

"The best thing in my experience was HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE. It never failed." Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in his book, *"100 days in Europe."*

HIMROD'S CURE

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy products advertised in "John Bull"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears above.

MOTHER! FIGHT CHILD'S COLDS

How many mothers are aware that children's colds, coughs and snuffles are encouraged by constipation? How many mothers know for certain whether their children are constipated or not? You can't keep your eye on them all the time. So when they come home sneezing, coughing, snuffling, be sure that their bowels are not clogged with poisonous waste which acts as an ideal breeding ground for germs.

Go out and buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' and give a dose at once. Armies of germs are cleared out and the risks of head colds and chest colds are greatly reduced. Be sure it is 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. Kiddies love the delicious flavour! For 'California Syrup of Figs' is a natural fruit laxative.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—
'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

"Sign for Security" Series No. 5.

DAWN breaks cold and grey on a storm-tossed sea—black and sinister, Britain's mighty battleships lie in wait for a reluctant foe. Decks cleared for action—Britain is still the unconquerable mistress of the sea.

At the threat of Nazi domination the whole country immediately prepared itself to meet the challenge. The Fighting Forces and Home Defence units went quietly to their stations—evacuation proceeded according to plan. Should the worst ever come, Britain is ready. Are you as fully prepared? For the protection of your home, yourself, your family, it is your duty to secure "John Bull's" vital Gift of War Time Security.

A FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY
underwritten at LLOYD'S
FOR EVERY READER

Following are brief details of "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance Benefits.

£200 should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed.
£100 for either.

The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife :—

£100 for loss of two limbs.
£100 for loss of sight of both eyes.
£100 for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.
£50 for loss of one limb.
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The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

IN ADDITION "John Bull" provides Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, BURGLARY, Etc.

You cannot afford to delay in securing this Double Protection which "John Bull" offers you FREE. Use Forms below NOW!

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address.....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature.....
Address.....
.....
.....
Date..... .....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 9/3/1940.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO
"John Bull," Registration Department, 138, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....
Address.....
.....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.
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.....
Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 9/3/1940

JOHN BULL'S AMAZING PEN OFFER *to every reader*

CASH THE COUPONS

Don't miss this magnificent opportunity—this superb pen can be yours by return. Send now!

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/3 plus 2d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 3 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 2d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA, incl. Clip.
State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 136-138, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

YOURS FOR 3/3

CARPET BARGAINS

9/11 This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- ex., we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Broadside REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Blue, Saxon Green, Brown, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Road, Leeds.

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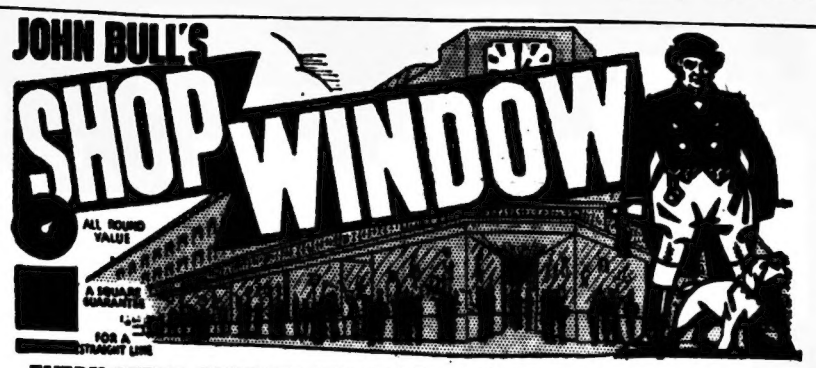

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 4.

NO AERIAL REQUIRED!

with this WONDERFUL NEW ELIMINATOR!

With the D.X. aerial eliminator you can abolish your aerial. 90% of fading, crackling, poor reception is caused through faulty aerials. Fit a D.X. to-day and bring in those foreign stations clearly. It will give your set a new lease of life. The D.X. will make your set portable so that you can have your radio in any room. Get rid of those unsightly poles and wires. Obtain a D.X. aerial eliminator now. You can fit it in 30 seconds. Order yours to-day. Price only 2/6 post free. Money returned if not delighted.

R. WIGFIELD & CO., Electrical Factors (Dept. J.B.), EDLINGTON, DONCASTER. **2/6**

WISE MEN 'VERGAS' BELT

ARE WEARING THE NEW

6/6 POST FREE

Supports the abdominal muscles, making you look slimmer and younger. Prevents Chills and liver and kidney disorders. Ensures natural functioning.

NOTE: We service the belt FREE of CHARGE after six months' wear.

'VERGAS' JOCKSTRAP

ANTI-VERMIN ANTI-GAS

Gives protection from Active Service dangers, such as Vermin, Damp, and Gas. Antiseptic Oiled-silk Pouch. Broad elastic Belt ensures perfect support and comfort. State small, medium, or large waist. **3/6** POST FREE.

Made of superfine elastic web. Washable and hygienic. Send NOW, stating waist measurement to:

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This All-British "BUTTER MERGER" FULLY GUARANTEED speedily makes **1lb. DELICIOUS BLENDED BUTTER from HALF LB. BUTTER & HALF PINT MILK** enabling you to DOUBLE YOUR BUTTER RATION at about half the cost. Great economy and big *money-saver*. Simply turn handle and Milk is absorbed IN 2 MINUTES. Satisfaction or money back. Send NOW P.O. 4/8 to:—

3/11 *Post & Pkg. 9d.*

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GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

'Vulcan' 4-Valve Battery 2-Waveband Superhet gives full range of reception from Short, Medium, & Long-wave stations. Powerful, highly selective. Full size Walnut cabinet with all accessories. Batteries, Valves, & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Price £7.19.6 or 10/6 monthly. No extra for Easy Terms. We offer exchange price for old sets. Catalogue A.G. Mains and Battery Models. **J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.**

10/6 MONTHLY

PERM Your Own HAIR at HOME

Deep, entrancing waves without venturing from home! No electricity, no complicated mechanical contrivances. The Fabre Permanent Waving Set lasts for ever. Will save you £2's. Perm your friend's hair, too, and MAKE MONEY! Waves defy damp, fog, steam, and even sea air! FREE BOOK.—Send postcard for illustrated book, "Permanent Waving in the Home," telling you all about this amazing Home Hair-Waving invention. *(State whether Mrs. or Miss.)*

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Proprietors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

HEATER for 10 x 8 Greenhouse 10/6

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STEADY HEAT (Not Just 'Warmth')

BURNS 4 DAYS at FULL HEAT on 1 Gal. Paraffin. Strongly made, best British Steel, all welded and painted, raised easy-fill cap; clear mica window; easy control, firm chimney. **FUMELESS!** (Don't risk old Heater.) Ideal for Bathroom, Cellar, Aviary, Outside Lav., etc. **LIST FREE!** 12 x 8 Greenhouse size 14/6 14 x 8 21/-. 6,000 sold this season. Meets A.R.P. regulations.

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The H. SAMUEL GIANT BARGAIN BOOK FREE

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Get the H. Samuel FREE Bargain Book NOW! Amazing values! Everything at direct-from-factory prices which save you up to 50%. Rock-bottom bargains on every page. And the H. Samuel month's trial offer is your guarantee of satisfaction! Don't miss the biggest money-saving opportunity. POST COUPON TO-DAY!

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(Post in unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp.)

15/- Sturdy watch. Chromium Case, guaranteed reliable movement. Splendid timekeeper.

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63/- SOLID GOLD WATCH Expanding Bracelet. The tiny movement is fully guaranteed for reliable timekeeping.

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The Empire's Largest Jeweller
99 Branches throughout Gt. Britain
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Men, Women! Old at 35, 40, 50, 60! Get Pep

Feel Years Younger—or No Cost

Don't blame exhausted, worn-out, run-down feeling on your age. Thousands amazed at what a little pepping up with Oystrax will do. Contains general tonics, stimulants obtained from raw oysters, revitalizers often needed at 35, 40, 50 or 60. Tested and approved by group of eminent physicians. One 73-year-old DOCTOR writes:—"It did so much for patients, I then took it myself. I regained vigour and vitality. I feel many years younger." For both sexes. Send P.O. for *only* 1/9. Introductory price for bottle *full strength* OYSTRAX Brand Tonic Tablets. Sent privately, post free. If not delighted with instant results, this *low price* refunded. Oystrax Ltd., Dept. B6, Tooks Court, Cursitor St., London, E.C.4

BARGAINS in ROSES

12 BUSH FOR 5/-

Here is an unbeatable offer. 12 Glorious Bush Roses for 5/- carr. paid. Our selection from the best and well-known varieties such as Mrs. H. Stevens, Etoile de Hollande, Phyllis Gold, Shot Silk, Betty Uprichard, Gen. McArthur, Daily Mail, Mdme. Butterfly, 6 for 3/-. Carr. pd.

STANDARD ROSES 15/- Doz., 6 for 8/-, Carr. Pd. Our selection from all the leading varieties, including above. **FREE GIFT:** 3 Blackcurrant Bushes (leading varieties) are given with every order for 2 doz. Rose Trees. All Roses are labelled and are carefully packed. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

ROSE GROWERS (Dept. J.B.), Dry Drayton, CAMBRIDGE.

Solders without heat

PENN'S PLASTIC SOLDER

Mends and Joins all Metal Articles, Enamelware, etc.; Aluminium, Iron, Zinc, Tin, Brass, and Copper. Repairs Kettles, Pots, Pans, Boilers, Pipes, Petrol Tanks, Car Radiators, etc., without heat, merely press into hole. It hardens like iron. Won't chip, burn, boil or bake out. Joins any metals and replaces solder for ALL its uses in Home, Garage, Workshop, &c.

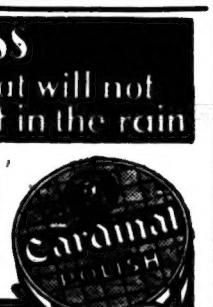
9D Post 3d. 3 Tubes 2/- Post Free. *Send P.O. or English stamps.*

Wm. PENN LTD., (Dept. J.B.S.), 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19

Whiteness that will not wash off in the rain

Your front Steps, Window Sills, Door Lintels, etc., will look much smarter if polished with WHITE Cardinal Polish. Gives a lasting whiteness which will not wash off in the rain.

Also in Cream, Red, Buff, Transparent, etc.



CARDINAL POLISH TINS 6D. & 1/- Of all Dealers.

CP DG 2

1 WAY BEDCHAIR

Easy Chair Lounge Chair Full-length Bed Fireside Seat

FULL SIZE

23/6

69 in. long when extended, 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Packed and delivered England, Scotland and Wales, 1/6 extra.

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

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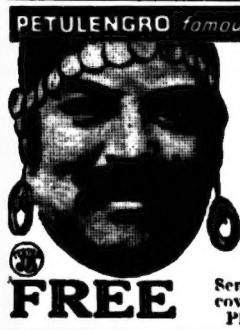
30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER

Don't run extra risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery smallest invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., 25/-. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no batteries, no wires, no renewals, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.

SEND NO MONEY

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL OFFER to D. & J. Hill, Ltd. (Dept. B.15), 245, Oxford St., London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube station.) (Hours: 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit

PETULENGRO famous B.B.C. ROMANY



has a Herb REMEDY

for ASTHMA, Catarrh, Chest Complaints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, etc., Liver and Digestive Troubles. Test this Wonder Remedy Free without any delay. Send only 3d. stamps to cover postage and packing. Please state complaint.

FREE

PETULENGRO'S ROMANY REMEDIES (Dept. T.12) CURE WELL HOUSE PURE WELL HANTS

NO PLEASURE OUT-OF-DOORS NOW

PARENTS WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Find fun for all the family with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table

8/6 DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from to-day's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types.

E. J. RILEY Ltd.

ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 12, 4a/47, Newgate St., London, E.C.1

FILMS FREE FOR EASTER AND FOR EVER

We lend your Camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British-made 'Gnatispeed' film to advertise the Gnatispeed Service. NO 'CATCH.' Send this advt. with name, address and 5d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return. ALL STANDARD SIZES: 2½ x 2½, 2½ x 3½, 3 x 3, or 3½ x 1½ films, and to fit KODAK 620 Cameras.

GRATISPOOL LTD. (Dept. J.B.L.), 207, William Street, Glasgow, C.2, or 97, Isles Lane, Leeds, 11.

GENUINE LONDON BUSMEN'S TROUSERS 6/6

Post 6d.

An exceptional offer of genuine London Busmen's Navy Blue serge trousers, very slightly worn. In first-class condition. Thoroughly cleaned and pressed. Seam strongly sewn and reinforced. New waist linings. Men requiring trousers for exceptional hard wear and service will find these garments unbeatable. All sizes 32 ins. to 40 ins. waist and usual leg lengths. MADE UNDER CONTRACT, these garments, because of their first-class condition, can only be obtained on very rare occasions. D.B. jacket to match 6/6. Jacket sizes 34 ins.-44 ins. chest. Complete suit 12/6. Post 6d. Order with confidence. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

WILLSON BROS. (Dept. A) Upper High St., Epsom, Surrey. *Government Contractors.*

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

The GRAVES 'EPWORTH' patent combined Washer and Wringer eliminates toil from wash-day and saves you all Laundry charges. It washes everything thoroughly and quickly, and does not injure dainty fabrics. Large capacity tank, the newest pattern Rustless Metal Agitator, brass draw-off tap, wringer fitted with 16-inch solid rubber rollers, single screw cantilever adjustment, covered cog wheels, reversible clamps, two-way water drain, detachable mangling board. Finish: Mottled Blue-grey enamel. Carr. Paid.

5/6 Monthly

8/6 monthly. **£4:8:0**

CATALOGUE sent Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

SHAVEX

IS USED BY ALL BRITISH FORCES

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH—NO LATHER

For shaving when in a hurry it is marvellous—a perfect shave in two minutes. No water needed, but, if you have water, moisten your face before using Shavex. You can shave in a quarter of the time that it takes with soap and brush, and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Almond Oil in Shavex keeps the face young and takes away wrinkles. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved, and your face will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes.

Millions all over the World are now using Shavex. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex—the antiseptic shaving cream—the first on the market.

SHAVEX *is sold everywhere in* **6d., 1/-** *and* **1/6** *Tubes and* **1/6** *Pots*

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. Tablets of Soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL Costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL Costs 5/6 per lb.

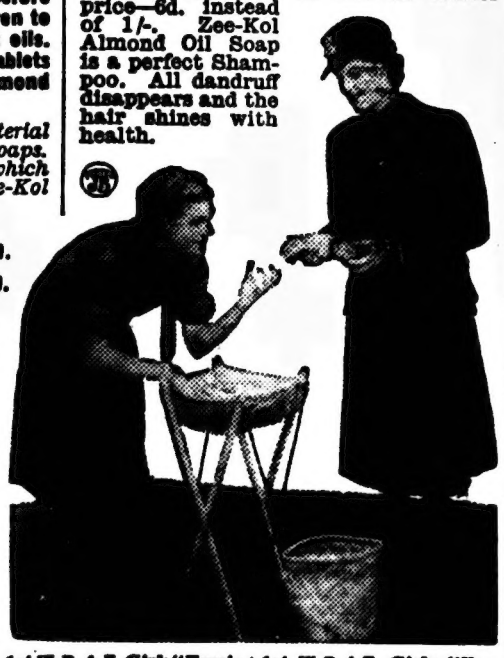
Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful perfume that lingers over the face until washed away. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd.,
40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.



1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Here's what I promised you. The secret that keeps my skin smooth and lovely amidst smoke, grime and all weathers . . . . ZEE-KOL ALMOND OIL SOAP."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "Oh, thank you, dear, what an exquisite lavender perfume it has, and what a beautiful lather it makes even in this hard water."

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Yes, and the expensive Almond Oil in it is a real beauty treatment. Yet Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap costs only 6d. and is ten times better than those cheap 3d. tablets of soap."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "I'm going to get a good supply right away."

IF IT'S CHOCOLATE THEN IT'S FOOD

There's a glass-and-a-half of fresh, full-cream milk in every ¼ lb. block of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. It's the world's most delicious way of giving yourself quick energy.

CADBURY'S

MILK CHOCOLATE

'feeds you on your feet'

Aliens: Contracts

MORE STARTLING REVELATIONS

SINCE war started, a famous German actor has reached Britain with the help of influential friends. After dining and wining with Nazi leaders for seven years, he pretends to have "changed his mind."

It is not for "John Bull" to say whether he has or not. But "John Bull" declares that it is monstrous to give him the benefit of the doubt.

This man is able to move about the country with ease. He should be interned.

The Berlin Beauty

Another favoured alien is a Berlin society woman caught by outbreak of war in a neutral country.

Instead of returning to her family in Berlin, she obtained permission to come to Britain.

She, too, is free to do as she pleases, and is still in touch with friends in a neutral country who could pass on any message to Germany.

A Czech on Them!

Though she claimed to be a Czech citizen, the young woman sentenced at Uxbridge to six months' imprisonment is unknown to the Czech Legation.

She had been mingling with R.A.F. men, had failed to notify the police of her change of address.

Her name, Hesta Weinfeloova, is German.

Nazis sent many people to Czechoslovakia so that they could make their way to Britain as refugees.

The Case of Solf

There are 8,500 enemy aliens at large who could do just the same as Wilhelm Solf, whose arrest the other day startled the whole country.

Son of a diplomat, Solf served in a crack German regiment. He worked in a German aeroplane factory. Coming to Britain a few days before war broke out, he produced letters from British diplomats and was granted a non-internment certificate.

He was sentenced at Abingdon to a month's imprisonment for taking pictures of a crashed aircraft.

He had been staying at a house overlooking Abingdon R.A.F. station.

His host was the controller of Machine Tool Production at the Ministry of Supply!

Sir John Anderson has reason to look grim

On Goering's orders, Siegfried Line designer Dr. Todt is building a similar line in the Russian oil region. Nazi High Command fears that Germany's last hope of getting enough oil would be destroyed if war broke out in the Near East. The Baku-Batum pipe-lines are within only a few miles of the Turkish frontier.

* * *

Not Good Enough!

Sir John Anderson, when tackled in Parliament last week, still hedged.

He is to set up twelve regional committees to reconsider the credentials of Germans and Austrians holding "B" certificates.

These people are not supposed to move more than five miles from home, possess cameras or large-scale maps.

More than forty have broken these conditions, are under suspicion for photographing, passport offences for strange conduct.

In view of what is happening all over the country, the public is staggered that they should ever have been given their freedom.

Aldershot's Maids

In Birmingham, for example, only one has been interned out of the 778 enemy aliens who have appeared before the tribunals there.

There are 250 German and Austrian maids in the Aldershot district alone. There are hundreds in employment near other vital military camps.

Some have found jobs with Britons holding key posts in our war industries.

An Ugly Scandal

Information reaching this office shows an alarming situation that would not be tolerated in any other country. If it is allowed to continue it might very well prove a menace to the security of the State.

Scotland Yard and provincial police chiefs have long had that evidence.

Keeping suspects under observation has been made as difficult as tracking a needle hidden in a haystack.

Intern Them!

Not only "B" aliens should be re-examined but also hundreds of Germans who have been freed from restrictions by producing influential testimonials should now be interned.

Several members of Soviet trade organisations in London have left recently, some for Moscow, others for the Continent. Are coming events casting their shadows before?

* * *

THE GERMAN AIR FORCE WILL STRIKE AT BRITAIN IN 1940—*GOERING*

★ £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE—underwritten at Lloyd's—FREE for every reader of "John Bull." Turn to page 4 and Sign for Security NOW!

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 9, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

JOHN BULL demands a real round-up. Britain's war machine must run no risk of sabotage.

Under Suspicion

Scotland Yard, called on to attack the great War Contract Scandal, has discovered two more jailbirds who have been negotiating what purported to be Government contracts.

Several "commission men" are also under suspicion.

A score of cases have already been investigated.

The probe has reached out from London to several Midland towns and a South Coast resort (see page 18).

Expectant mothers were the pilots of two Red aircraft brought down by Finns recently, and had been perfectly willing to bomb other women and their children. Now we know what is meant by "Russian women's heroism."

* * *

Coming to Court

Circulars issued by one firm will figure sensationally in a case that will eventually be brought before the courts.

Prominent in another affair now under observation is a man who has organised many dubious ventures and often been criticised in court.

Thrust Them Out!

On this matter, too, Parliament intends to demand a drastic overhaul of the existing methods. The Government will be forced to pledge itself that in future no scandal concerning official contracts will be even possible.

Public as well as Parliament insists that this war for a cleaner world must not be allowed to reap a harvest for thrusters.

(Continued on next page)

KEM'S CARTOON

Continued from preceding page

British aircraft continue their flights over Germany. The roar of their engines is now as familiar to the underfed millions in Berlin as to the watchful gunners at Nazi naval bases.

Soon the huge bombers will fly over the enemy defences with even greater impunity.

Last week's news of another triumph by British designers has caused heartburning among Goering's experts.

Gunners are Safe

Rear gunners in bombers have invariably been the first object of attack by Nazi fighters.

Much of the peril in their jobs will in future be removed because they will no longer be rear gunners.

They will sit in a well-protected position in the centre of the machine, operating their guns by remote control.

Touch on a lever can swing their turret round to any position. The gun turret automatically and instantly moves likewise.

Safe to predict that it will be a long time before Goering is able to copy this revolutionary invention.

Fine Speeches, But—

It's an equally safe guess that Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, will go on making fine speeches about all the women needed for war work.

It may have escaped his notice that there are still more than a quarter of a million women out of jobs.

Let him stop talking for a few weeks and concentrate on getting them back to work!

Find Work Now!

No one doubts that every workless and willing man and woman will be absorbed before the war ends.

But why not find work for them now? Unemployment has jumped since December from 13,000 to 15,000 in Hull alone. Trades councils, the City Labour Party and M.P.s have vainly demanded a cure.

Yet in that city, too, overtime is prevalent.

Let Mr. Brown stop industry's overtime. Let him realise that the nation wants to see men drawing wages for vital work instead of drawing the "dole" for doing nothing.

Then JOHN BULL will no longer criticise Mr. Brown's speeches.

Butter and bacon is sent to us by Canada and Denmark. Britain is selling it to other countries, chiefly Spain!

* * *

Black List Profiteers

Suffolk and Essex branches of the National Farmers' Union are to blacklist profiteers in feeding stuffs.

Other branches, please copy.

But why is it left to private organisations to tackle that scandal?

Kem is So Worried!

The "Haw-Haw" broadcasting to France has found a new monster to curdle the blood (or tickle the ribs) of his listeners.

That monster, you'll be amused to hear, is Kem, whose weekly cartoon appears on this page. According to Haw-Haw, he is a Jew in the pay of wicked international financiers.

Kem, still an evident nightmare to touchy Adolf, hopes you won't ask him for the loan of a million or two.

● 250,000 Unwanted Women
● He Stole 16s.—Beheaded
● War Generosity Riddle

There's a Difference

Humanity seems as rare as humour in Haw-Haw's own country.

Under Gestapo pressure, court sentences are becoming more and more barbaric. Not a week passes without scores of death sentences, often for trivial offences.

Last week a Berlin man was executed for stealing 16s. when drunk, even though he returned the money when sober. A Cologne man suffered the same fate for embezzling £18.

A man was sentenced at Münster to only two years' jail for robbing church funds of £1,100.

They Forget That . . .

That pleasant old German custom of presenting one's dinner hostess with a bunch of flowers has been replaced by the more practical idea of bringing a handful of coffee beans or a lemon.

Nazi papers, praising such courtesies, forget that once before in living memory the gifts were necessary.

King Carol of Rumania and Admiral Horthy of Hungary have declined invitations to visit Hitler. Hungarian Foreign Minister Csaky has refused to offer to spend his honeymoon in Germany. Remembering similar invitation to Czech President, the Balkan States are on their guard.

* * *

That was just before the collapse of German might in 1918.

Even More Sabotage

Behind the German lines sabotage continues.

Nazi designers have produced four types of aircraft since November, one of them a flying-boat believed capable of bombing shipping in mid-Atlantic.

All four test models were completely destroyed during trials.

Two factory fires also destroyed plant necessary for their manufacture.

From Smallest Corners

By contrast, even the smallest corners of our Empire testify to the common efforts of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Viennese Socialists are coming into the open again. Anti-Nazi propaganda is rife, Nazi officials are jeered at in the streets. Storm troopers take no action, perhaps fear provoking a rising.

* * *

Tribesmen in Kenya have brought seventy-five bags of maize, fifteen tons of coffee and bags of beans as their humble contribution to the Empire's needs.

One African tribesman has given fifty pounds of tobacco for the troops.

Dr. Goebbels may sneer at the homely nature of such offerings, but he must envy the spirit that inspires them.

Rates Problems

The Government wisely grants concessions to ratepayers. They will enable local authorities to revise assessments in hard cases.

London County Council, despite the burdens of war, reduces the rate by 3d. in the £. But other councils cannot afford the new duties imposed on them, and are having to raise rates by as much as 1s. 6d.

There will be a big campaign to persuade the Government to take over the whole cost of A.R.P., a national necessity that should be a national charge.

Policeman's Pay

Here's another hard nut to crack; another example of inequality.

Most policemen recalled to the Colours are having their Army pay made up to the level of police pay. Not so lucky, others are rightly disgruntled.

The pay of all police is standardised in peace time. There should be a standard ruling now.

Yet More Questions

Some council workers now in the Services are given weekly grants from the rates.

Is that fair to ratepayers, some of whom have lost most of their income? Would greater hardship be caused if grants were withdrawn?

Some private firms make up the pay of employees now in khaki or blue.

Should generosity be stopped because we are at war?

Pollution Danger

English rivers are in danger of pollution

Factories are taking advantage of depleted Preservation Boards to use our rivers as refuse dumps.

During the last war miles of waterways became mere sewers. It took years to undo the evil.

Foxhunting Brutes

In Britain's fight against a nation's cruelty we should also end the brutality flaunted by a few of our own people.

During a Northumberland hunt a fox went to ground in an artificial bolt-hole. When the pack moved off, men were left behind to rout the fox with the aid of a terrier.

"Rat run," as our Navy calls Norwegian territorial waters used by Nazis for transport of iron ore and nickel supplies, may soon be stopped by agreement with Norway and Sweden.

* * *

The dog failed. So a bunch of prickly gorse was pushed into the hole at the end of a stick.

And that is Sport!

Eventually the fox was caught by its hind legs, dragged out, carried across fields, thrown in a sack and motored to a place where the pack was running.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is what so-called gentlemen called "Sport."

The bully who gloried in making little nations tremble is facing might for the first time

IT'S HITLER'S BOGEY NOW!

● *Waiting to show the daring fighting spirit for which they are famed, New Zealand troops enjoy seeing the sights in Egypt. Hitler must hate to see those smiles*

By A. G. GARDINER

A FATEFUL anniversary falls next week. It was on March 15 last year that Hitler decreed war by the seizure of Prague and by wiping Czechoslovakia off the map.

He did not think he had decreed war. He believed that he had established such a terrorism over the mind of Europe that he could win the world without a war.

He was so convinced that the cause of freedom was dead and that the democracies of Britain and France would not dare to fight that he had only to push on relentlessly to have the whole structure of Europe at his feet.

First, all Eastern and South-Eastern Europe would fall to him without a blow.

Then, fortified in his rear, with the wheatfields of the Ukraine and the oilfields of Rumania to supply his needs, and with his power reaching out to the eastern Mediterranean, he could turn to smite the Western Powers, who, having feared to strike in time, would probably not strike at all.

And so, with the British Empire brushed out of the way, the march to universal power would be easy, for in every land overseas the Nazi plots were thick and the Nazi mines were laid.

That was the programme, and, intoxicated by the success of the Czechoslovak stroke, he hastened without a pause to extend his white conquests.

He gobbled up Memel and set in motion his now familiar technique for the destruction of Poland.

BUT Prague had done its work. It had shaken Britain and France out of their sleep, and Hitler was told that war on Poland meant war by them on him.

He did not believe it. He had the assurance of Ribbentrop, who had wormed himself into the social and reactionary sets of Britain and France, that there was nothing to fear from them.

Hitler had only to go forward and we should crumple up as we had crumpled up before.

Poland could be wiped out in a month, and then, with the *fait accompli*, Hitler could send the decrepit democracies to sleep again with another peace offer preparatory to his next plunge.

At the eleventh hour, Hitler hesitated. Suppose Britain and France meant what they said? Suppose they did fight?

Then, once more, Ribbentrop came to the rescue. "Eat all your words against Bolshevism, make terms with Stalin, offer him a half-share of Poland and a free hand in the Baltic States and Finland, and Britain and France will be panic-stricken.

"All that you yield to Stalin to-day can be recovered later."

The deal was made, and the crime against Poland was perpetrated. But the gamble failed. Britain and France did not default.

It has been the strangest war in history. Every expectation in regard to it has been falsified.

Hitler had terrorised Europe with the idea of a lightning war of instant and devastating fury.

"When I strike I shall strike like lightning in the night," he said.

He would sacrifice a million men if necessary to break through the Maginot Line.

He boasted of his overwhelming might.

His fire-raiser, Goering, made the world's hair stand on end by his pictures of the sun darkened with aeroplanes numberless as the sands on the sea-shore.

WE imagined aerial invasion of our cities on a scale compared with which the doings in Abyssinia, Spain, China, Poland would be a flea-bite.

Six months have passed and not a single major event of war has happened. Millions of Germans have lain all winter in front of the Maginot Line and no blow has been struck.

Hardly an enemy 'plane has been seen near London or in the country.

There have been threats of invasion, now on the Dutch frontier, now to the south-east, but nothing has taken place.

The only hostilities have been those at sea, and these for the most part have taken the form of cowardly and murderous attacks on helpless merchant shipping and fishing boats.

What does it mean? Why, after all the blood-curdling fears that Hitler has aroused for two years past, have we this spectacle of palsy in action?

ONE REASON IS THAT WE ARE DEALING WITH A BULLY —WITH A BULLY WHOSE BLUFF HAS BEEN CALLED.

While people cowered before his menaces and his bombast, his figure towered to the skies.

And while he had only second-class nations to deal with, he was instant and ruthless.

He trampled on Austria. He trampled on Czechoslovakia. He trampled on Poland. He had no hesitation in massacring the Poles and raining death and destruction upon their cities.

But faced with nations in arms and nations that can hit back, the gospel of the bully won't work.

He cannot fight at sea: he can only murder with mine and torpedo.

He hesitates to attack us from the air, for he knows that we are his equal there, and that his vitals are hundreds of miles nearer to our squadrons than ours are to his.

He dare not fling his millions against the Maginot Line because the catastrophe would be his destruction.

But the chief reason of his inertia goes deeper. He has blundered into a war that he did not want, that he knows he will lose, and that, being lost, will destroy him.

All his calculations were based on two things—the belief with which Ribbentrop had inspired him that Britain and France would never fight, and the fear which his supposed military supremacy had bred throughout Europe.

On these calculations he conducted the war of nerves that gave him such handsome victories from the Rhineland to Memel.

He won those victories without firing a shot—simply by creating the impression that he would shoot if his demands were refused.

Had the Allies not called a halt at Poland I see no reason to doubt that he would to-day be master of Europe to the Black Sea, with his complete programme of conquest well in sight of fulfilment.

He is quite sincere when he says he did not want war. He wanted to conquer the world without war.

AND NOW THAT HIS BLUFF IS CALLED AND HE HAS TO FIGHT ENEMIES MORE POWERFUL THAN HIMSELF, HE IS IN A DESPERATE QUANDARY.

Hence his six months of inactivity, during which the Allies have grown daily more formidable.

His one aim, I take it, is to get out of the mess into which that clever dunce Ribbentrop has landed him, and to restore the struggle to the plane of cunning, knavery and lying on which he is so supreme a master.

In a word, he wants a peace which will secure him what he has got, and leave him free to resume his plots against the world's liberties and the world's peace at the point at which Britain and France challenged him.

That aim must be met with a stern, uncompromising "No."

Hitler, as is explained on page 21, must be defeated, and Hitlerism must be rejected by Germany before peace can be discussed.

What would be the result of any peace made with this criminal lunatic?

EUROPE would be flung back into that dreadful condition of anxiety and fear that we suffered until we dropped "appeasement" and used the only weapon Hitler respects.

All would have to be done over again, and done in circumstances infinitely less favourable to ourselves.

We have got Hitler "in Chancery," and we must not loosen our hold. His system must go.

Germany must disgorge her plunder and make reparation to her victims.

Then, clothed and in her right mind, she can enter once more into the society of civilised nations, and help to rebuild that Europe which Hitler has so nearly brought to final wreck.

HANNEN SWAFFER SAYS—

"He Once Stopped a Revolution!"

> "Sumner Welles is more accustomed to trouble than to diplomacy. He seems more likely to tell Hitler something rather than listen to him, especially if he realises that in a war between Right and Wrong, the only neutral is 'Self-Satisfied Indifference.'"

DURING the last war President Wilson sent Colonel House, his "mystery man," to Europe, to spy out the land. Then he fought his election as "The President who Kept You out of War," and within a few months was in it.

Now nearing the end of his term of office, President Roosevelt, who may be forced to set a precedent by standing again because his only potential successors are a few office boys, has sent Sumner Welles, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, to Europe.

Meanwhile, he pledges himself to maintain strict neutrality. . . .

Will history repeat itself?

The arrival of Welles caused so much excitement that the Italian newspapers put the news away on the back pages. Complacent Germans were not told at all.

Some people had silly ideas about Roosevelt intending to intervene. That was nonsense.

We did not try to intervene when G-men were shooting up gangsters. It was a job that had to go on until it was finished.

Truth is that Franklin Roosevelt needs first-hand information about Europe.

APART from Joseph Kennedy, who was absent from London for months, and William Bullitt, occupier of the Embassy in Paris—the job was given to Bullitt because Woodrow Wilson treated him so disgracefully when Bullitt insisted that the Bolsheviks would win—Washington is not too well served in diplomacy.

Our diplomatic representatives are trained.

There may be old-school-tie stuff about them. But they have to learn a job.

Washington gives Embassies to loyal supporters of whichever Government is in power. They usually go to rich business men who want to show off their wives in foreign capitals.

So Sumner Welles has been sent (without Colonel House's great influence) as an "observer."

He might as well have read the speeches.

On the day Welles arrived in Rome, Neville Chamberlain was saying quite frankly at Birmingham that the independence of the Poles and the Czechs must be restored before peace was signed; that there must be tangible evidence that Germany's pledges would be fulfilled and that European security must be assured.

Soon after, Hitler was demanding back the German colonies and talking his usual tripe in a surprise broadcast from a secret meeting.

When Sumner Welles meets Neville Chamberlain, Lord Halifax, Winston Churchill and whoever might then be Secretary of State for War, he will hear again what was said at Birmingham.

When he visits Adolf Hitler, the Fuehrer will shout at him. He will declaim and make a violent speech, as though he were addressing the German nation.

He has done it to Neville Chamberlain three times. He has done it to Nevile Henderson on many occasions.

He did it to Lord Kelmsley, the newspaper proprietor. He has done it to scores of journalists, representing every country in the world.

In the future, the United States' share in world settlement may be important. She had a chance last time. She refused to take it. That is why the League of Nations died.

Despite our deep respect for President Roosevelt, the war between ourselves and Germany is the concern of nobody except the Allies.

Neutrals may be suffering in trade.

American business men may not like having their letters opened. They didn't like it in the last war. Yet the world's safety is more important than the gum on a Chicago envelope.

SUMNER WELLES is more accustomed to trouble than diplomacy.

When he was sent to the Dominican Republic to smooth out trouble in 1922 he did it with a flat-iron.

Rushed to Honduras in a battle cruiser, he then "repressed a revolution by the harsh imposition of Liberal terms."

Roosevelt rushed him to Cuba when there was trouble brewing.

Wherever he went, hot-headed Latins yelled "Murderer" at him. His wife, rich ex-Vanderbilt and ex-wife of an ex-senator, was soon unconcerned when a mob flung threats at her husband.

General Machado would not receive him at the Presidential Palace. Afraid of consulting Washington on a telephone wire that was tapped, Welles acted on his own, persuaded the Machado men and their opponents to meet at an American's home. The political rivals refused to talk to each other.

So Welles persuaded them to talk to him, repeated to each side what the other said.

When there was a revolution in Cuba in 1933 Welles called up the Havana Post of the American Legion, told them they must be prepared to defend all their fellow-countrymen in Cuba, concentrated all the American citizens in one camp, and soon had American warships racing along the coast.

He seems more likely to tell Hitler something rather than listen to him.

Actually he has been chosen for his present job because he is among the few men in the United States who have said nothing unacceptable to the Nazis, yet have remained friendly to the Allies.

As Assistant Secretary of State, he said in 1937 that the United States was willing to join a conference for the limitation of armaments, settlement of economic problems and all that sort of thing. **But it wouldn't take the initiative.**

When Sumner Welles came here in 1937 he was hailed as a staunch believer in Anglo-American co-operation. Indeed, he is a good friend of ourselves and France. But when he stresses the iniquities of Versailles (as though it were merely our fault) you might think he wasn't quite so keen.

Although Sumner Welles attacked both Fascist and Communist propaganda in the States in December, 1937, he said, four months later, that the American people "continuing to defend their faith in democracy should avoid attacks on the internal policies and programmes of other people."

Fifteen months ago he declared that Washington's official attitude was to lend moral support to the efforts of European statesmen to reach a peaceful solution of "the remaining problems."

WITH a sneer at some of his own countrymen, he added: "Vicarious courage continues to be shown by leader-writers and commentators whose dislike of Herr Hitler has led them to regard the carnage of a war fought 3,000 miles away with equanimity."

That was more or less the British Government's official attitude then. We should keep out, placate, appease.

If Roosevelt stands again, will he be re-elected?

If he is re-elected, then what will he do?

In a war between Right and Wrong, the only neutral is Self-Satisfied Indifference.

No-Man's Land Cameramen prepare to make

FILM RECORDS OF THE BIGGEST BATTLES!

ATTACHED to the British Army in France are officers spending their time in No Man's Land searching for positions from which men can see the war without being seen.

Their job is to ensure that a complete pictorial record of this war is made by ordinary camera and cinema camera for the sake of future generations.

Within a few hours of their choosing suitable sites, photographers are escorted through the line to take up their positions.

During the last war radio was in its infancy, "talkies" unknown, news-reels scrappy and lacking in real technique. Result: a few scratchy silent films which, although good productions in their day and taken at tremendous risk, are no real record of some of the greatest battles.

This time it is going to be different.

Already nine films dealing with major events of the war are being made, including a film of the epic story of the rescue of British sailors from the hell-ship *Altmark*.

Film cameras are whirring on every part of the Western Front, committing the sound and sight of war to celluloid.

Radio technicians are making their own separate sound records. In a hundred years people will be able to sit at home and hear this war as British soldiers heard it from their dug-outs.

Broadcast programmes of the war are being reproduced in London on sound tapes and filed. The whole of the propaganda war now raging will go down to history.

When Dan Leno is a fading memory, Lord Haw-Haw will still entertain.

On the Home Front, one feature film is being made to show all the problems of evacuation, for future guidance. Another deals with women in uniform. A third with A.R.P.

You are going to live again through these black-out months, long after they have ceased to be.

Brick by brick the history of this war is going to be created so that future generations may see the grim edifice complete in its true perspective.

History lessons will not begin in future with the order, "Take out your history books."

The schoolmaster will lower a silver screen and press a button.

His pupils will see all the horrors of war.

Air raid syrens will scream across the classroom as figures on the silver screen rush hurriedly from their homes to shelters.

They will see the Russian soldiers, frozen to death in their laborious efforts to conquer the Finns; they will see women and babies chased across streets by machine-gun bullets from diving bombers; they will watch men creep out of dug-outs to run the gamut of deadly machine-gun fire.

And they will never have any truck with war with such intensely dramatic records of man's inhumanity to keep them posted.

The black bomber roared over the trawler like an evil shadow .... the bomb meant for the deck missed by yards

Power-Diving PIRATES

There was no time to avoid that terrible power-dive. The roar of the aero-engine sounded like the roar of a beast. There was no defence against such savagery

Aboard a trawler attacked by a Nazi bomber, JOHN BULL'S Special Correspondent describes how dour Scottish fishermen, who have faced the worst tricks of the sea, carry on without flinching as they dodge the death-dealing power-diving pirates.

THE hero of this story of a one-sided encounter between a Scottish trawler and a Nazi bomber in the North Sea is Tiree, the man at the wheel.

Nobody knew the steersman's real name.

He was called Tiree because that was the name of the island from which he came.

And when he lifted his wrinkled weather-beaten face to the sky he cocked an experienced eye at the clouds and told us what we could expect in Gaelic, using "she" when he meant "I" or "me."

But even such an experienced weather-prophet could not guess what terror the sky really held for us.

"Is it going to be clear weather?" I asked him.

"She thinks it will be muckle fog," he replied in a low melancholy tone without looking at me.

AS I turned to watch the trawls being lifted as we lay rocking in the North Sea swell I heard the distant hum of aeroplane engines. The noise increased in a few seconds.

There was no time to escape from that terrific power-dive. The enormous black Heinkel bomber roared over the ship like an evil shadow, but the bomb that was meant for the deck missed by yards.

It dropped ahead of the port bow, yet the force of the explosion was so great that the trawler reared like a horse, and as her forecastle smote the water in the fall an avalanche of ocean came aboard and swept aft everything movable.

When the wave drained off every man crawled back to his post, the skipper to the waist, Tiree to the wheel, Donald, the mate, to the trawl.

There was only one defence against such savagery. Tiree, the island man, raised a cry.

"She'll be for steering ta ship, captain. She'll know how to steer, ma wee man!"

There he was, down on his knee, only his face visible above the wheelhouse window, one big hand grabbing the spokes, his calm eyes riveted on the black aircraft.

Not a quiver in his voice, not a tremble in his frame; but around his lips the bare suggestion of a grim smile.

His teeth were showing.

It was his way of telling the skipper that the ship was his as long as he could handle the wheel. Every man aboard knew that in his day Tiree had faced everything the sea could do to him.

Donald, the mate, and the crew were labouring at the trawl, handling it fast and firmly.

The skipper was taking in everything with steady grey eyes. He looked aloft in a searching way, then at Tiree, to whom he just nodded. And the roar of the aero's engine sounded like the roar of a beast again.

The flick of a finger from the skipper and over went the wheel in a sharp spin.

Just in time.

The trawler shuddered as her bows swung in a semicircle. She seemed to leap out of range of the second bomb that fell in her wake.

The crash of dynamite shook her from bow to stern, the crockery in the galley rattled and tumbled, the windows in the wheelhouse burst into fragments.

Away went the attacker in a steep climb.

The crew brought in the last of the gear hurriedly, and had hardly done it when down came the machine again, engines roaring.

SHE almost touched the masthead, but again her aim was thrown out by the hand of Tiree, who drove the ship on to another tack.

It was more than a bomb that fell this time. Machine-guns were being used.

Bullets ripped the deck, tore the gear, hit the capstan.

But there were not only bullets.

Sticking into the planks were steel darts. They had been dropped in a shower.

It went on for some time, this dodging and evading the enemy.

Nobody thought of taking to the boat.

Tiree was making the ship do queer things. She rolled in the trough, rose and spun round on the crest, zigzagged here and there, flicking her stern time and again, as if in defiance of the enemy.

HER funnel was holed. She was damaged fore and aft and two of the crew had been wounded by flying debris. The sternpost had been split, the wheel had been half shot away, and Tiree was wiggling the rudder with one spoke.

And up above, circling in a wide sweeping movement, the murder plane with the Swastika on her tail was preparing for another dive.

That dive never finished.

The machine stalled, straightened out, and flew into the clouds.

Over the sea from the west another aircraft was racing high above the German. It kept above it. In vain did the Nazi try to reach the shelter of the clouds.

The fighter that had come to the rescue of the trawler pursued the bomber relentlessly.

In the gathering gloom the trawler's crew saw bursts from the British plane's guns pour metal into the fleeing Heinkel.

A few bursts did it.

The bomber went into a spin and went down, a flaming torch, into the sea. And that was the end of another raider on the Shetlands.

Patiently his great hands moved gently over the body, and the bird was aiding him pathetically by plucking at its clogged feathers here and there.

Every trip Donald brings back a bird to nurse, and every trip he sets his sick patient free again.

But he is never without a patient. Oil from submarines and sunken ships is taking a terrible toll of bird life.

Thousands of northern divers, razorbills, cormoranta, puffins, are washed up on the island shores of the Hebrides, the Shetlands and elsewhere, dying because their feathers are clogged.

Starvation is their fate once they land on the oil that makes it impossible for them to rise again.

Now it is a remarkable fact that between the officers and crews of these boats there is little ordering in the naval sense of the word.

Every man knows his job, does it, is always to be found carrying on. So when Donald glanced at the clock and rose to his feet, taking his guillemot under his arm, the rest of us followed him down to the harbour. It was time for us to start on another blue-water adventure.

The skipper was there already, gazing out towards the gathering murk settling on the North Sea.

Two trawlers had cleared the bar and were ploughing far ahead into the night.

Soon we were following, with Tiree at the wheel again.

A few miles from the coast the trawler ran into fog, thick and foul, cold and clammy. It brought a sense of anxiety to the crew.

YET before we reached the fishing grounds our trawler had to speak to another ship at a rendezvous miles from land.

How were we to find that spot in the vast blanket of fog lying thick on the heaving waters?

Midnight came and went.

One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, still the trawler laboured on. The skipper walked now to one side of the boat, then to the other, looking over at the waves that swung past.

Tiree left the wheel in charge of another man and also looked over now and then.

Not a word from the crew; silence heavy as the fog and darkness on deck.

And then, gravely and definitely, the skipper's hand went up in signal. Tiree slipped back to the wheel. The siren sounded, hoot, hoot, hoot.

Every man at his post, every ear strained. Hardly had it faded when three bellows filled the night, three hollow wails, and in a few minutes the dark hull of the other ship loomed up.

How was it done?

In all the waste of the wild North Sea these two ships had met by appointment, like friends at a street corner.

Tiree stepped from the wheelhouse.

Not a word, not a breath of self-congratulation, about the superb navigation he had displayed, in finding the rendezvous without compass or chart, by merely looking at the water and gauging the swill of the tides!

Ten minutes later the ships had parted company, the trawler threshing her way into the gloom.

It was late in the day—well after noon—when the trawls were at last put out for the catch.

We could only hope that we would not be visited by another Nazi bomber.

FISHING FOR DEATH—2

Continuing a dramatic commentary on what war means to the humble men who go out into the North Sea each day.

by STUART MARTIN

We went on fishing.

Early next morning the trawler sailed into harbour with her catch.

Somebody asked Donald, the mate, where he had picked up the oil-covered razorbill he had under his arm.

"Ach," said Donald indignantly, "a German machine oot there nearly killed the poor thing wi' its dirty oil."

A few days later I met these heroes again in a saloon bar in a northern Scottish harbour, where they sell more coffee and tea than liquor.

There was no mention of our encounter with the bomber.

I could hear the slow, sing-song dialect of big-boned Highlanders, the swifter talk of men from Grimsby and Lowestoft, and the Lancashire of Fleetwood.

These were the men who get the fish for most of Britain. When you think of the price of fish, think also of these men.

Down in the harbour the trawlers were snuggled together like sheep in a pen, rubbing sides.

We sat in the bar overlooking the harbour, waiting for the signal of Donald, who was nursing the guillemot, cleaning its feathers of the thick, black oil that coated them.

NEXT WEEK: Stuart Martin takes you to a port "somewhere in Britain" to watch Contraband Control Officers at work.

● REVEALING that more persons have been killed on Britain's roads since the outbreak of war than in the whole of Barcelona during two and a half years of air raids, "John Bull" continues its survey of the Home Front, and indicates vital remedies for "black-out" problems

Road smashes have become so frequent since the war started that officials don't know where to start when trying to solve new traffic problems

ROAD DEATHS

Grave Disclosures

DURING the Spanish Civil War there were 250 air raids on Barcelona. For two and a half years death rained on one of the most densely populated cities in the world. And nearly 4,400 persons were killed. A holocaust!

Yet in rather less than six months of war with Nazi Germany 6,000 civilians have been killed on British roads, most of them victims of a "black-out" that was designed to protect Britain against enemy raiders.

And there are still some who say that this is a "bore" war because actual active service casualties have been so few.

Out of every eight persons killed on the roads since war started, seven have been hit in the "black-out."

When you consider these figures, it doesn't really seem far-fetched to suggest that Hitler, in the sinister way that is so typical of his criminal mind, should encourage us to kill ourselves off so quickly without his wasting shot and shell.

Petrol rationing, and increased car taxation, drove half our privately-owned motor vehicles off the road at the beginning of the year. Hard weather kept a good many other licensed cars in the garages for a few weeks.

YET road deaths created a January record.

Manchester had 23 deaths against 7 in the previous year, Stafford County 18 against 6, Birmingham 17 against 8, Leeds 11 against 7, Sheffield 18 against 7, Edinburgh 11 against 4—**and Glasgow 34 against 8.**

It took fewer cars to kill a man than it did shells in the Battle of Verdun, the most bitter artillery fight in history.

Germany has 7,000,000 men under arms.

Britain has 3,000,000 motor vehicles, about half of them licensed.

British cars have killed more Britons than the Nazi legions.

And the worst aspect of the whole scandal is that the Government doesn't know why this is happening.

Traffic experts should have tried to find out at the end of September, when they first learned how grave the situation had become through the "black-out."

But they don't know yet, and they haven't even started to search for a reason.

The officials began a propaganda campaign to teach the public "black-out" safety. But they piped down before real results could be expected.

They planned a detailed enquiry into road accidents within four given areas.

They dillied and dallied for so long that it will now be impossible to start again until daylight-saving ends for 1940.

JOHN BULL has made enquiries. And JOHN BULL can now tell officials more than they know themselves.

To begin with, the "black-out" is too black. It should not be a "black-out" at all. It should be a "blue-out," as in Paris.

Even in the darkest side-streets in the French capital there is a small-wattage blue lamp every 100 or 200 yards, the placing having been arranged on a scientific basis.

Yet the experts say that Paris is more snugly concealed from the air than London.

Road deaths over the whole of the Seine Department, of which Paris is but a part, average only ten a week in the last official return, an increase of one death a week.

British authorities haven't studied the "blue-out." They are jealous of ideas that don't emanate in their own troubled brains.

Hull has a lighting system that gives 100 per cent. safety against German raiders and nearly normal safety for road-users against the perils of the streets.

"We can't use it until the Home Office gives the word," they say. And the Home Office just won't say.

Other cities have suggested lighting schemes, claimed to be a great improvement on the present methods.

They've been snubbed.

HAVING ordained a lethal black-out, the Government says (despite motorists' protests that they could do 30 quite safely) that motorists mustn't exceed 20 miles an hour.

If Scotland Yard tests are accurate (and you can rarely find anything to grumble at in Scotland Yard tests) 20 miles an hour is quite enough.

According to those tests, a car travelling at 20 miles an hour will take 47 feet to pull up in if it has average brakes.

Persons in dark clothes first become visible to a motorist at 40 to 50 feet, they explain.

"Blue-out" may be the solution.

Anyhow, unless we make some change in our black-out 20 miles an hour will have to stand.

While travelling at that maximum speed "a motorist will have to know by feel and sound whether he is exceeding 20 miles an hour," according to the authorities.

It is illegal for him to keep his dash-light showing, although the average saloon dash-light is just about as visible from the air as a red nose.

If in doubt, the driver must break the law by snapping on his dash-light now and then.

With pedestrians first becoming visible at a distance of from 40 to 50 feet and cars travelling at 20 miles an hour unable to stop in less than 47 feet, snapping-on dash-lights is going to make all the difference between whether or not a car kills.

Let the driver of an enclosed car keep his dash-light on, as long as it isn't visible from above. It won't be if he uses the weakest possible bulb.

And then persuade—no need to compel—two-thirds of your private drivers to stop night-driving for the period of the war.

They will if insurance companies give them a fair deal.

The 8-horse-power car driver is allowed petrol for 200 miles a month. If he does that 200 miles in the perilous black-out hours his insurance costs about ten pounds a year. If he does it in daylight hours it costs him the same.

The economic loss to the community of "black-out" road deaths is £1,000,000 a week, the estimated cost of anchoring prices and preventing inflation and all the untold misery it spells.

Most of that £1,000,000 a week loss is insurance loss.

To charge the man whose 200 miles-a-month is done in daylight for losses in which he has no responsibility represents gross unfairness.

TO let him off paying for risks he doesn't run—it can be done by charging smaller premiums to people whose cars are not equipped for night-driving—will be to keep two-thirds of the motorists off the roads at night.

Slaughter on the road is worst between 5 and 6, when factories, offices and shops have closed and workers are on their way home, and between 10 and 11, when theatres, cinemas, dance-halls, clubs, and such places have closed and people are homeward-bound through the darkness.

Better road transport facilities would reduce these fatalities.

In many big cities and towns road transport closes down altogether at 10.30, 10, and even 9.30 at night, another result of official war-hysteria!

All too often a motorist who has run his car to town to find amusement finds himself standing half-crazed over the body of some poor man who went to town for the same good reason, and was returning on foot.

GIVE the provinces normal late-night traffic (as the London Passenger Transport Board is doing in London) and you will keep thousands of cars off the roads at night.

Thousands of pedestrians will be safely away from the middle of unlit country roads.

Yet another saving could be accomplished by insisting on uniformity in the lighting of road islands, bollards, and road repairs.

In five towns we found eleven different systems for lighting such obstructions. You can't wonder that motorists crash into them, often killing themselves—and others.

One day this war will end.

When it does we may find our biggest loss of human material will be due to the "black-out," which is supposed to protect us.

If that is so, somebody is going to be held to strict account. And JOHN BULL knows who it will be.

'Greatest of These'

"I CANNOT sleep for worrying," writes John Winspear, of Hartlepool, an unemployed ex-soldier, in debt through trying to support a wife and four children under sixteen on inadequate means.

"I've managed to keep my home together for sixteen years," he adds, "but unless somebody comes to my rescue, I cannot face the future."

He appeals to JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund, explaining that after twelve years in the Army he was discharged in 1931 to face nothing but disappointment and unemployment.

Rent arrears and debts, including a loan from a friend who is pressing for repayment, amount to £10. Surely this old soldier, crushed by debt and worry, deserves your help.

Please send donations earmarked "Debts," or for our General Fund, to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"Unless somebody comes to my rescue, I cannot face the future"

Donations will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. A list of donations is kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We gratefully acknowledge Anon (Wirral), 10s.; "Tin Hat" (Hinckley), £1; Joan, 2s.; W. R. W. (Weybridge), 2s. 6d.; F. H. (Southport), 5s.; "Gardenia" (Scarborough), 10s.; "Well Wisher" (B.O.T.), 10s.; L. C. (S.E.17), 2s. 6d.

OPEN LETTERS

Tragic Poverty Line

● *Evil of Costly Food Blunders*
● *Aero-mechanics Idle at Benches*
● *Fortitude of a Finnish Volunteer*

Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P.

DEAR MISS RATHBONE,—Family allowances are no longer merely desirable. They are necessary.

War has drained the purses of millions of poor mothers. Unless swift action is taken, the health of the children will be impaired.

Even in peace a shockingly large proportion of our people were on short commons.

More than half spent less on food than was advocated by League of Nations experts. Instead of an average consumption of six pints of milk a week last year, it was a little over a third of a pint a day!

This year, food prices are rising steeply, despite the Government's admirable efforts to keep them down. Strong trade unions are getting wage rises. But great numbers of our people are left on the poverty line, their young children condemned to inferior food.

Family allowances, so long advocated by you and JOHN BULL, are a national need.

You show in a new pamphlet that the cost of a weekly grant of 5s. for every child under fifteen would be £118,000,000 a year.

An immense sum. Yet let us remember that evacuation and black-out are costing nearly as much. A contributory scheme for insured workers would cost the State only £14,000,000 a year to provide children with 3s. a week.

Such allowances would help unemployment by making it unnecessary for many women to go to work.

Unless we are willing to raise a C3 generation, we must legislate now.

Family allowances must be granted or the school-feeding system vastly extended. The Government will soon make its choice. I congratulate you on helping to goad its conscience.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Food

DEAR SIR,—The public is tired of your blunders. Farmers say they will never have a fair deal while you remain in office. I regard you as the Government's big failure.

Butchers strike against bad distribution, rotten and underweight meat. Dairy produce and poultry are fantastically expensive because you showed no foresight before the war.

Fish is rotting at the docks and railway sidings. Tons have to be carted away to the manure heap, after being allowed to stand in the trucks until it decays.

There is food in abundance, but you are responsible for the follies of your incompetent officials, which cause an artificial scarcity.

The nation is no longer content with your lame apologies.

Lord NUFFIELD,
Air Ministry

MY LORD,—Men stand at benches all day without even opening their tool boxes. Often they have had nothing to do except find amusement by making model aircraft from soap boxes, or spanners from odd scraps of metal.

Such is the picture given to me of an airport firm.

No doubt there is less work than had been expected because our air losses have been slight and there are few repairs.

But your genius for high-pressure organisation should surely be able to devise a less wasteful system.

I invite your investigation of these allegations. I will supply full information.

Herr HITLER,
Berlin

ADOLF,—Don't melt into another of your weeping fits of fury because our R.A.F. lads ruined your black-out with their coloured flares.

Be humbly thankful that they did not rain more inflammable material on your cowering capital.

Heed their warning by restricting your aircraft to the harmless visits to our shores that have long since ceased to bother us.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—I have just seen the pay envelope of a London labourer. It contains £1 0s. 3½d. for fifty-two hours' work.

Such scandalous exploitation is your responsibility. Instead of repeating empty promises of better times, you should try to fulfil them.

Start by insisting that no worker is paid less than a living wage.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P.,
Secretary for War

DEAR SIR,—I write more in amusement than in anger.

Ex-Servicemen who re-enlisted in home defence battalions have to be in camp by 9.30 p.m. unless they get a late pass. Their sons and grandsons in the Army are allowed out till midnight.

Why coddle grandpa?

The RESIDENTS,
Catterick Camp, Yorkshire

DEAR PEOPLE,—Appalling that, on a near-by housing estate, sewage has been running down the open gutters for seven years.

Shameful that rubbish has to be tipped in heaps along the roadside, while rats from an old quarry menace the health of children and adults.

If your local council is indifferent, demand a Ministry of Health enquiry.

The COUNCIL,
N.A.A.F.I.

GENTLEMEN,—Before me is a statement, signed by many men, claiming that the Nuffield gift cigarettes are being *sold* to troops by your canteens in France.

I demand an immediate investigation of this allegation.

Wing-Commander E. J. HODSOLL,
Inspector-General, A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—Make your next inspection in a North-East Coast district where Nazi aircraft are frequent though ineffectual visitors.

There are no A.R.P. shelters, even at the schools. The air raid siren had to be bought by a private citizen and attached on a loaned car, the running costs of which are borne by an unpaid warden who is on duty all day and night, and now threatens to resign.

Nearest ambulance is twenty-five miles away; nearest fire engine eight miles away.

That isn't good enough!

LEONARD BOWHAY SAUNDERS,
Ryde

DEAR SAUNDERS,—The first Isle of Wight volunteer for the Finnish Army, you are also first among all our twenty-year-olds for pluck.

Ten years ago you were crippled by spinal meningitis. You relearnt to walk and play. Although your arms are still withered and one leg is almost useless, you joined the Civil Air Guard last year and qualified for a pilot's certificate.

Rejected by the R.A.F., you offered to fight for Finland against Red pilots.

Evidently there's nothing wrong with your heart. May your luck prove as strong.

Mr. TOM GROVES, M.P.,
Stratford, London

DEAR SIR,—Add to your public services by asking more Parliamentary questions about Boards passing unfit men into the Army. I can supply you with all the material you need.

One youth, passed as fit, was ordered an operation (his third) by hospital doctors and is certified as an incurable epileptic. Yet the Army still wants him.

That is merely the latest of a succession of deplorable cases brought to my notice.

I promise you further examples next week.

Yours faithfully

Another Fireside Talk by the Rev. Pat McCormick

War is showing us things we never wanted to see before

Your Point of View

I SHALL never forget driving a few years ago from Brussels to Waterloo to see the battlefield of 1815. As the road was paved with typical Continental cobblestones, the motor-car bumped and squeaked the whole way.

The entire surface of the battlefield was scraped and collected into a great mound from which you can see various points of interest. And at the top of the mound there were four guides, eager to explain the story of the battle to the unwary traveller.

British, French, Belgian and German; each of the guides had his own story to tell, and as I listened to each of them in turn, it seemed that each of the four nations had won the day.

It was the point of view that mattered. Either truth or the guide's point of view had to go.

I have often thought of these guides and realised that it is the point of view that matters in everyday life.

We are fighting to-day about a point of view.

Do you see civilised Europe as a Nazi non-co-operative society, or do you see it as a fair and reasoned attempt to Freedom of Thought?

YOUR point of view decides.

A hungry child and a millionaire see the same stale bun in a confectioner's shop differently. Each relates himself to the bun according to his point of view.

It would be a dull world if we all had the same point of view. Yet events of the last 25 years have convinced me (if I needed convincing) that, while the point of view matters, every point of view must project itself from the City of God.

Make no effort to enter, jeer at it because you have spotted what seems to be a jerry building in a street of the City, ignore its appeal and refuse to look out from it on to life with its fun and sorrows, and your point of view is really useless to your fellow creatures.

You have not climbed high enough in thought to get a real view.

It is like living in a black-out all the time. You can see little and may hurt yourself.

You have "blacked-out" God. Your view has suffered an eclipse.

I AM not suggesting that everyone should have my idea of God, but without some idea greater than ourselves none of us can possess a point of view that can produce a sane world out of the insane mess of to-day.

I don't think nations are the last word in human development.

While our point of view too often comes from an idea of a nation, God is thinking in terms of the human race.

A cow's point of view about a cricket pitch is not the same as mine.

I suspect that the points of view of men and women all over the world are not the same as God's point of view, and so, like the cow on a cricket pitch, we make a considerable mess of things in general.

A good deal of alteration and overhauling is now required in both the Church and the State.

It seems odd, but war with all its beastliness is showing us things we had not wanted to see before.

We have to see that the point of view of the next generation is truer than ours. While we talked about the City of God we were virtually outside the City and saw things from the houses of men instead. That usually meant from our own little mound of selfishness and inferiority.

Many of us think that the best point of view can be had from a green hill outside a city wall; from there love shines and shows up the dark places.

If we all looked out from that point of view the world would be one family, a Paradise.

Here are the Answers

Nobody Noticed First Gas

WHEN WAS POISON GAS FIRST USED IN THE LAST WAR?

CONTRARY to general belief, the first time poison gas was used was *not* when cylinder gas was released in the Ypres sector on April 22, 1915. According to German admissions, it was previously used mixed with shrapnel in shells during October, 1914.

The irritant chemical employed, a forerunner of mustard gas, was found to be too dependent on the effects of weather.

Three thousand of these shells were fired at Neuve Chapelle on October 27, but they did no damage.

Nobody noticed that the shrapnel bullets were poisoned.

?

WHY IS THE DIPLOMATIC "BAG," TRAVELLING BETWEEN NEUTRAL COUNTRIES AND THEIR EMBASSIES IN BELLIGERENT COUNTRIES, STILL IMMUNE FROM CENSORSHIP?

IT is still absolutely sacrosanct.

To examine the bag is considered an act of violence against the neutral country. British officials might suspect that the courier for Ruritania is carrying letters in his bag that are destined for Germany.

But they would not dream of stopping him and searching his "bag."

When convinced that information was leaking out they would protest, but that is all.

Abuse of the "bag" is rarer than it may seem. There can always be an "accident" (as in the last war) when a courier "loses" his "bag" travelling through belligerent lines.

?

HOW ARE LEAFLETS DROPPED DURING FLIGHTS OVER GERMANY?

NOBODY cuts the string and showers them out in handfuls through the bomb traps. They are not emptied in bucketloads "over the side."

In the beginning parachutes and detonators were used to release the string binding the bundles after they had dropped a certain height, but accidents happened with these methods.

All "leaflet" machines now carry a special apparatus, which sprays the leaflets out, almost singly, in a continuous stream over a wide area.

?

WHAT ARE CUP FINAL PROSPECTS FOR THIS FIRST YEAR OF WAR?

THERE will be no English Cup Final, but there may be a "substitute" Final confined to professional clubs, and a second final for smaller League clubs.

Several plans for an equitable way out of the difficulty have been laid before the Football Association, but no definite decision has yet been reached.

?

WHAT ARE THE POINTS IN FAVOUR OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S EQUIPMENT AS COMPARED WITH GERMAN EQUIPMENT?

THE British "tin hat," though it may not appear to give as much back-of-the-neck protection as the German, is better in action.

It is lighter, and its shallow curves enable it to be made of stronger metal, afford a bigger "glancing" surface to shell splinters, and make it less of a "mark" than the upstanding German helmet.

Battle-dress, gaiters and boots are more comfortable and mean greater mobility than tunic, trousers and jackboots.

?

WHAT IS THE POSITION OF DOCTORS WHO WANT TO SERVE WITH THE ARMED FORCES?

THERE is only voluntary recruitment among doctors at present.

In a reserved occupation, none can be taken against his will. But the British Medical Association, presumably at the wish of the doctors, has asked the Minister of Health and the Minister of Labour to make service compulsory for all doctors within the age limits of the Royal Proclamation.

Signpost for Serviceman

By Maj.-Gen. Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G.

THE Government publicly recognised the British Army as a citizens' force when the Financial Secretary to the Treasury assured Parliament that he did not think any instance could be quoted where a Serviceman had been punished for writing to his M.P.

At the same time, Sir Victor Warrender insisted that a Serviceman who wished to refer to *military* matters should approach his commanding officer first.

Yet there must be many matters of a domestic nature unconnected with Navy, Army or Air Force life about which a constituent serving in the Forces may want the help of his Member of Parliament.

Last week a serving soldier wrote to me complaining that his wife was being intimidated by a firm of debt collectors that I have often exposed in these columns.

The debt was contracted by the soldier, and the wife was in no way responsible.

That soldier would have been within his rights if he had written to his Member of Parliament.

Yet if a soldier wrote to his Member of Parliament complaining that the company sergeant-major had got him "set," it would be the duty of that Member of Parliament to write back to the soldier and tell him to complain to his commanding officer.

If not satisfied with that, to his general, under the provisions of the Army Act and the King's Regulations, which entitle him to do so.

Correspondence pouring into this office suggests that men do not go readily enough to their commanders for information and help.

On the other hand, I don't think company or unit officers interest themselves sufficiently in their men when they have been sent to hospital.

Officers ought to know how their men are getting on in hospital. And they ought to go to see them when circumstances permit.

I find no indications of officers writing kindly letters telling parents about the troubles of sons admitted to hospital.

During the last war I saw many letters of this kind from officers in France to parents in England. And at the time the fighting kept everybody busy.

All these little "attentions" help to create an invincible army.

They also alleviate anxieties of parents, inclined to imagine that the Army is a machine, solely concerned in training cannon-fodder.

Twelve Months TORTURE— hasn't Crushed the Czechs!

In the last twelve months, thousands of "conquered" Czechs have disappeared after being bundled into Nazi lorries, but this staunch nation remains indestructible. Its people laugh at their masters

A YEAR ago Prague was a front-page city. It was the centre of the world's newsfront. Its buildings, ancient and modern, were featured in photographs in every newspaper. Its rulers could not move without the world knowing.

Their ages, their hobbies and their life stories mattered more than anything else, if you were to judge by the news.

Then the last republic of Central Europe became Nazi on March 15.

It was a nine days' wonder. And from then, news from Czechoslovakia, especially from Prague, has been *verboten*.

There have been drifts of news about futile attempts at rebellion. Students have been shot in market squares, thousands of men and women have been pushed into concentration camps.

But the world has waited in vain for any sign of successful rebellion in this conquered republic.

The hope that with the outbreak of war the people would overthrow their Nazi masters overnight has gone.

CZECHS have been advised not to try such methods by their exiled Government.

Prague has faded from the headlines. Nazis censor all news stories, and the people seem to have no wish to become news again. They are too busy, taunting their conquerors with maddening passivity.

Non-resistance and laughter are the two weapons the Czechs are using to hit back. Quietly they are proving that the Czechs are indestructible.

Almost daily that indomitable story is being brought to London by the refugees who trickle through the iron ring of frontier guards by underground systems of communication that leave the spies of the Gestapo gaping.

Its latest chapters can be told by the Press Attaché at the London Legation, continuing to function efficiently in Belgravia's Grosvenor Place, or from President Benes' modest suburban house in Putney, near London, where the National Committee is still the only Government that Czechs recognise.

That story of the unconquerable Czechs after a year under Hitlerism is written in Legation files.

Ears of Himmler's Gestapo are everywhere in the so-called "Protectorate," and terrorist rule has sent thousands of patriots to firing squads.

Army officers and students have been arrested in hundreds at a time, and thrown into concentration camps on charges of "diversionist action."

More than a hundred thousand workmen have been transported to Germany as slave labour. All Czechs between the ages of fifteen and seventy are liable to this forced labour service.

Law is administered for Germans alone.

Universities are closed "for three years" as a means of stifling cultural life.

Parents are liable to the death penalty if their children go about in groups of more than five or read "seditious" pamphlets.

In one school, Nazi police interrupted a class, stripped a boy of eight of his clothes, ordered him to stand facing a wall between a guard with fixed bayonets.

The terror-stricken child was then ordered at bayonet-point by a member of the Gestapo to betray teachers who had mentioned the name of President Benes.

An American citizen of Czech descent, Anthony Fiala, found his brother speechless and insane from torture when he visited Prague. Their seventy-year-old mother died of shock at the sight of his injuries.

Nazi brutes had put rubber pads on their victim's chest and back before beating him with clubs. This leaves no marks, and doctors can certify death "from natural causes."

Prague has 20,000 citizens in prison; 5,000 have been murdered or have died from torture.

Where peasants have not had their property openly confiscated, they have been ordered to sell it and been tricked out of receiving a fair value.

UNDER the threat that it is to be heavily taxed, they assess it at nominal value. The Nazis then take it from them at the nominal figure, giving them only twenty-four hours to a week to get out. They can remove only so much of their goods as can be carried in a cart.

In factories Czech managements were forbidden to give workers better wages. Then Nazi officials were installed and temporarily raised the wages in an effort to set the workers against employers.

This trick was employed in the giant armaments works of Skoda, to which Goering has now sent his brother as boss.

The Czechs are fighting these efforts to suppress their national spirit with humour and apparent acquiescence. And they are proving more effective than open defiance.

In the armament factories there is systematic sabotage.

A cup of coffee "accidentally" spilt down the barrel of a gun in a certain stage of development leaves a flaw that cannot be detected till the weapon is fired. A shell proves defective for no apparent reason.

Forbidden pamphlets are delivered. Men doomed for the firing squads are "given the wink to beat it" by the Czech police.

German commodities are boycotted. A Whispering Campaign spreads the news that comes over the air from the B.B.C.

WHISPERS also carry from ear to ear the latest means of anti-Nazi propaganda, a Humour campaign.

To the cinema announcement of a forthcoming film, "The German Reich—Great World Power," the proprietor added, "For a few days only." Audiences laugh when they should applaud, and applaud when they should laugh.

Children raise their arms with a mock "Heilt, Hitler," which means exactly the opposite of "Heil, Hitler."

They take every opportunity of saying "Canadian hockey," because the Nazis, having no cause to love Canadians, have childishly decreed that Canadian hockey must be called "ice hockey."

Prague's latest joke is, "Hitler promises that if a U-boat sinks three unarmed merchantmen the entire crew will be decorated, and if it sinks five each member of the crew will be given half a pound of butter."

One year of privation, persecution, torture, murder under Hitlerism has still left the indomitable Czechs winning with a weapon the Germans could never possess—the weapon of Humour!

Not So Soft!

Imaginary Interview on the Black-Out Bus

FARES, please! . . . You in the corner there, wake up! . . . Vot's dat you say: "You vant to go to Vapping?" . . . Well, you'll have to change and—vot's more—you'll have to change your accent before some of my mates down Wapping way can tumble to "vot the hell you do vant!"

You're quite right, Mister.

I didn't ought to make fun of the way you speak English. If I was in Germany I couldn't speak your lingo half as well as you speak mine. . . . But, mind you, I wouldn't be riding on 'buses in Berlin.

Not blinking likely! Them Nazis would be keeping me snug and safe in a concentration camp!

Oh, you needn't tell me.

I knew you were a German at once. . . . But you're no friend of little Hitler, no more than what I am? . . . And you've been up before one of the enemy alien tribunals "*and* dey find you vos all right."

Blimey! There I go again, but the fact is, Mister, I hear so much German these days, right bang on this 'bus in the middle of London, that I can't hardly believe there's a war on.

YOU'RE too young, man, to remember the last war. In them days there was precious few "enemy aliens" allowed loose in this country. Lor lumme! We was so scared of spies that a bloke didn't dare have a proper close hair cut, in case somebody should take him for a Fritz!

No offence meant, Mister. . . . I'll take your word for it that you have more cause to hate the Nazis than what I have myself. . . . Just the same, if *you* feel a bit sore because you can't wander round like you please and have to report to the police now and again, let me tell you that we haven't interned even 2 per cent. of the aliens what we interned last time.

More than seventy thousand of you there are living in this country and—lots of you—earning money while we've got more'n a million out-of-works! . . . Makes you think, don't it? . . .

I wouldn't want none of you real refugees to be harassed and driven and badgered by the "cops," but don't you sometimes wonder yourself how it happens that these tribunals you was talking about have managed to give the all-correct to more'n ninety-nine out of every hundred aliens in the country?

You've had what I might call a close-up picture of the Nazi boys at work, haven't you? . . . What I mean to say is: "Would you put it past them to smuggle in a few of their best spies by making them out to be persecuted refugees?"

"*Der Bridish must, of course, all proper precautions take.*" . . . Sorry, I'm doing it again! *Vot* you resent—I mean *what* you resent—is that pretty soon you may have to appear before a new court? . . . Honest, Mister, I think you have a bit of a nerve to *resent* anything these days.

Some of you people don't know when you're well off. You aren't allowed a camera, and you mustn't move more'n five miles away from your home without permission, but if you was back in Germany you'd have to be in the army or else in jail.

I 'aven't spy fever, not by a long chalk. Yet when I read about that there Wilhelm Solf, 'oo's dad used to be a German ambassador, filming one of our crashed 'planes, I couldn't help wondering how many more careless coves there might be among seventy thousand enemy aliens.

He got a month's imprisonment. . . . What would have happened to an enemy alien in Germany who went taking pictures?

There's hundreds of aliens, particularly German girls working as servants, living next door, as you might say, to aerodromes and munition factories! I have no quarrel with them, no more than I have with you, but, if there *was* any wrong 'uns in that lot, blimey, wot a chance they'd have!

THE plain truth is, Mister, that when there's a war on we didn't ought to take chances. . . . We ought to make sure that all you "enemy" aliens are really Hitler's enemies. If we don't do that, we shall have to reckon ourselves soft-headed as well as soft-hearted!

Grin and Bear It!

Fell For His Footsteps

By OLIVER PLUSH

"WAS out with the nicest boy in the black-out last night, darling."

"Really? Good-looking boy, darling?"

"Well, of course, darling, I can't say about that. But he had the *loveliest* footsteps."

Garden Fun

PROCURE four chairs and put them in the garden. Take self, wife, two children. Sit on chairs till midnight, imagining yourself indoors with the gas out.

At midnight add up what you have saved in gas and wear and tear of the carpet.

Next day invest this money in lozenges to cure your cold.

You will then have got the lozenges for nothing.

A Rasher Little Pig

A little pig was very rash.
He said, "Pork sausages and mash?

"What, me? Sir, you could not talk trasher."
Was heard, picked out, became a rasher.

And now, because it is the fashion,
That little pig is just a rashion.

(I tried to get a rhyme with "Rashest."
It didn't work. There's only "Fascist.")

Brightest Excuse

"I'm sorry to be so late, my love, but the bus was delayed by all those coal carts on the road."

Don'ts .... Department

If you want peace, perfect peace, in the home, never by any chance suggest that a "vicious circle" is only another name for a wedding ring.

Chat with a Gas Mask

What do you think of the war now?

It's not what it was, as far as I'm concerned.

Why?

Oh, I never seem to go anywhere these days. I've been on the shelf for months.

You certainly don't look your old self.

You're right. I have been doubled up for ages.

Do you think you could stage a come-back?

If trouble was in the air.

You think it would give some people quite a shock to employ you?

Shock? Why, *I'd* give *them* a perfect fit.

I hope that doesn't mean you would let us down in an air raid.

Oh, no. I'd stick to you close enough. Good-bye.

A Round of Trouble

A LONDON vicar has been letting himself go in his parish magazine about the round of conventional visits a conscientious clergyman feels obliged to pay. They are, he declares, often boring for the parishioners and difficult for the vicar. Yet they cannot be shirked.

Our vicar's feeling far from gay,
His spirit falls,
Because he simply has *to pay*
His duty calls.

It's not from choice he goes his way—
The whole job palls—
But all too loud and clear to-day
His duty calls.

Our Crazy Gang

Alligan: Ladies and gentlemen, I will now——

Flannel: Hi!

Alligan: Well, what do you want?

Flannel: You remember what they said about the *last* war?

Alligan: No. What?

Flannel: Well, they said it *was.* Good-bye.

Alligan: Ladies and gentlemen, I will now——

Flannel: Hi!

Alligan: What, again? Well, what is it this time?

Flannel: You know my pal in the R.A.F.?

Alligan: What about him?

Flannel: He hasn't been up for three weeks.

Alligan: Hasn't flown for three weeks? Why not?

Flannel: 'Flu for three weeks.

Alligan: But that's not grammar.

Flannel: Good-bye.

It is estimated that about 900 per cent. more greenfly, blackfly and caterpillars will be raised for victory this year.

Bachelor's Motto

Beware the Brides of March.

In Europe Now

Germany declares she has many differences with the neutrals. She seems determined to sink them.

In Darkest Africa

A traveller recently returned from the heart of the Congo asserts that he received a cordial greeting from a famous old witch doctor. I suppose the ancient slapped him on the back exclaiming, "Hoodoo you do?"

Parting Thought

A correspondent asks who has the finest collection of antiques in the country.

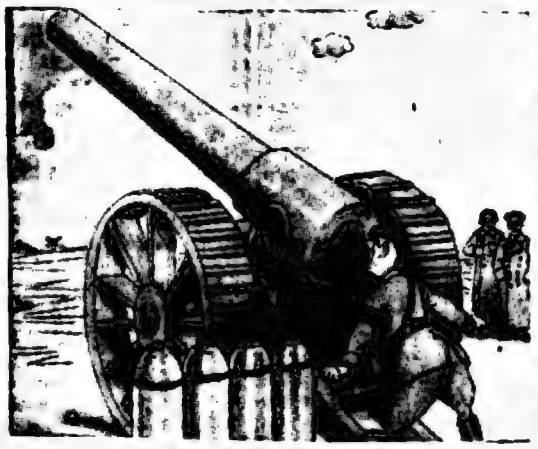
We would be delighted to tell him if we were not so strongly opposed to giving free publicity to certain radio comedians.

OLD BILL

by Bruce Bairnsfather

"I likes that sayin' you 'as about yer Maginot Line, Monsewer, "They shan't get through without a pass."

As Others See It!



THE LOUD-SPEAKER,
"Hitler speaks of his friendship for the neutrals."—*Marianne, Paris.*

"Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"
—*Smith's Weekly, Sydney.*

FREE SAVINGS STAMPS!

Our Great 'Speed-the-Victory' Plan for you

READERS of JOHN BULL will be pleased to hear that our two great competitions are this week to join the national effort to beat Hitler.

The characteristics of both "Bullets" and "Crosswords" will remain unchanged, as everybody who enjoys them would wish.

They will be the same fascinating hobbies, providing the same mental tonic and yielding bigger and better prizes.

But our "Speed-the-Victory Plan" will provide, as well as the usual prizes and at no extra cost to competitors, tens of thousands of sixpenny national savings stamps as nest-eggs for readers and Silver Projectiles to beat Hitler.

"Bullets" and "Crosswords" are going on war work.

Twenty thousand sixpenny savings stamps are to be distributed as free bonuses with JOHN BULL competition prizes.

Unlimited further quantities of these silver projectiles are to be distributed free to readers as part of the new Prepaid Entry Voucher Service, introduced to readers for the first time on page 39 of this issue.

THIS remarkable scheme enables you to combine the national duty of lending money to Britain—"Lending to Win," as the posters put it—with the satisfaction of saving for your future needs.

And it leaves "Bullets" and "Crosswords" untouched as the most entertaining and remunerative of all hobbies.

"Bullets," now taking such a big step forward, has already lived through one World War, for it is twenty-six years old.

It has distributed thousands of cash and other prizes in every contest, simply for fitting a few well-chosen words to any of a list of given phrases.

Among its First Prize-winners you will find miner, clerk, labourer, parson, doctor, typist, railway worker, schoolmaster, soldier, sailor, airman, Post Office employee, commercial traveller, mill worker, council servant, farmer, printer, domestic servant, transport worker, Civil Servant, readers in retirement, men without employment, and the housewife.

IT is very democratic, is "Bullets"!

The story of big cash prizes and life pension awards doesn't tell the whole history of this competition, which has become part of our national lives.

Prize-money won in "Bullets" was the foundation of many a little business which is flourishing to-day—and of many a happy marriage, too.

Many the children who have been better educated, thanks to such help from JOHN BULL's cheque-book—and many the old folks who bless the day their sons or daughters won in our "Bullets" Competition.

It has given Christmas dinners by the ton, hundreds of cases of provisions, radiograms and radio sets, motor cars, bicycles, clothes, furniture, cameras, suitcases, libraries of books—the list is almost inexhaustible.

There are even readers living in Ideal Homes built, furnished and equipped by JOHN BULL *as part of a "Bullets" first prizes!*

There are readers who recall world tours in millionaire comfort, with a chosen companion, as part of the prizes they won.

● *"Let us determine to help the country as much as we can by saving, and thus hasten the day when the world will be secure for small brave nations against the big bully," said Lord Mottistone, chairman of the National Savings Committee, who, as General Jack Seely, is famed for his love of adventure*

Others have toured Europe, had holidays in Devon or at Blackpool, seen Britain by motor-car, had week-ends in London or by the sea. Happy memories are prizes that no one can lose.

"CROSSWORDS" is a youngster compared with its well-tried stable companion, yet it is a vigorous, go-ahead youngster.

The prize money distributed already exceeds £200,000.

Week in, week out, entrants have been winning big cash and life pension awards since the spring of 1928 by beating fellow-readers at answering "Crossword" clues.

All other big-prize "Crossword" competitions have been modelled on the JOHN BULL pattern, a pattern appealing to women readers as much as men.

"Crosswords" also is now about to distribute something more than huge cash sums and life income awards. With "Bullets" it harnesses itself to the nation's great Lend-to-Win campaign.

Taste the joy of winning prizes in these absorbing battles of wits with your fellow readers.

It is to encourage you to do so, to augment the efforts of the war savings movement, and to enable everybody supporting the plan to create a nest-egg, that we have formulated this free national savings stamp offer.

Ten thousand saving stamps have been secured for the first 10,000 competitors winning "Bullets" prizes.

Another 10,000 have been put in reserve for the first 10,000 "Crossword" winners.

Every prize in "Bullets" and "Crosswords" this week will be accompanied by an official national savings stamp.

These gigantic weekly distributions will continue until the 20,000 are in the hands of successful competitors.

It doesn't end there.

That is the introductory offer.

So that readers may start collecting saving stamps at once, as well as those they may win with their prizes or buy for themselves, a new offer of an unlimited number of free savings stamps is made on page 39 as part of JOHN BULL'S *new Prepaid Entry Voucher Service.*

There's no need to tell you a lot about these stamps, or how essential it is that you should help the country with war savings.

The national savings stamps you receive with your prizes or with your Prepaid Entry Vouchers are gilt-edged Government securities.

SAVED and converted into Savings Certificates, or deposited in sets of ten in a Post Office Savings Bank account, they will grow into a nest-egg for your future needs.

Each represents cash you have lent to swell the war effort of the nation. Each represents a silver projectile against Hitler.

There is no more pleasurable way of acquiring them than by making either "Bullets" or "Crosswords" your hobby.

This bold development of our competition in the interests of the country will mean three things.

Bigger and bigger prizes in JOHN BULL'S *competitions; money in the nation's war chest; a more secure foundation for your future.*

See that you are among the first 20,000 readers to help—and benefit. Take full advantage of the opportunities presented on pages 37 and 39 this week!

The Human Machine

Learn to Forget!

A GOOD memory is something of which you can be proud.

While it is to a large extent a matter of the kind of brain with which we are born, it is to a much larger extent a matter of effort and training.

And we are inclined to pay so much attention to it that we forget how necessary it is to forget.

Not merely absence of memory, not mere forgetfulness. That is mostly carelessness. But the actual and positive power of forgetting. It is as essential to our mental machinery as our power of remembering.

Suppose we were forced to remember everything we did all our lives.

Every unpleasant thing as well as the pleasant.

Every sorrow as well as every joy.

Every injury as well as every benefit.

Every wrong as well as every kindness.

We shouldn't keep our reason long!

Nature herself knows that. Even without our help, almost without our knowledge she allows Time to ensure forgetfulness. We do not have to live with ghosts unless we choose.

But we should realise that if memory is a science, forgetting is an art, and we should consciously and deliberately practise that art. As we learn to remember, so we should train ourselves to forget.

We should train ourselves to forget the slights of yesterday, the irritations and annoyances that loomed so big at the time, but were of no importance.

We should learn the art of forgetting petty quarrels, annoying memories and unwanted thoughts. It can be done so easily.

It is the same old story. We are free agents. We can choose. We can remember or we can forget. We can look forward or we can look back.

We can hope or we can mope and brood. It is our choice.

Nature will do her best to help us. Even though we resist, she will still help. How much wiser to help Nature!

In that way, we can kill these irritations permanently, instead of just allowing them to sink down and rise again to taunt us.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

WAR CONTRACTS SCANDAL

Mushroom Firms on the Run

Viscount Cobham, C.B., Under Secretary of State for War, whose department is helping to probe this scandal

FIRST to draw attention to "war" contract" scandals, JOHN BULL has devoted space on three occasions to denouncing rogues responsible for getting commissions on contracts that don't exist.

Each time JOHN BULL has demanded an official enquiry, and now that Mr. Leslie Burgin, Minister of Supply, is gratifying these demands, JOHN BULL thinks it only appropriate that it should give chapter and verse for still further accusations.

Every week JOHN BULL investigators find evidence of the directors of newly formed firms asking contractors to enter into agreements with them to pay commissions on orders they claim to be able to secure from the Ministry of Supply.

Only last week I took great delight in supplying the police with details about the director of a firm, virtually without capital, who had been asking for commission in this way. It was a pleasure to be of assistance to Chief-Inspector Salisbury and the other picked men from Scotland Yard who are now trying to put an end to the money-making careers of these war time parasites.

Among the well-known share-pushers now trying to flee the revealing beam of the police searchlight is a scoundrel who has been creating mushroom companies ever since the last war. More than £150,000 has been lost in his nefarious schemes.

Meanwhile, a man with a criminal record has been making a good thing out of offering contracts.

It did not surprise me to find that the Institution of Motor Engineers, of Gloucester House, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2, is trying to cash in on the war. It has been necessary for me to expose the business of this organisation before.

In a somewhat different category, but, nevertheless, deserving criticism the Institute is sending circulars to motor firms giving details of a "group scheme" for the manufacture of munitions in which only members of the Institute can participate.

This circular, headed "Armaments, Manufacture and Employment," adds that election to this high-sounding Institute can be had without examination. But it costs anything from six to nine guineas for subscription and entrance fees!

When a London garage proprietor talked to Mr. R. J. Smith Gorman, of the Institution of Motor Engineers, in a London hotel, it appeared that war contracts had been obtained from the Ministry of Supply for Institute members.

Then something "went wrong" and expenditure on new plant was a dead loss.

Whatever good there may have been in the original scheme, the Institution of Motor Engineers is most certainly not the organisation to father it.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. W. H. JAMES, of St. Mary's Road, Southampton, receives this week's guinea for providing me with information that will put an end to another scandal.

Do not hesitate to write to me about anything that requires investigation. I will always help!

Please mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Too Late Again

ALTHOUGH I do my best to save small investors from financial sharks, I am frequently handicapped through victims appealing to me for help when it is too late.

Typical is the plight of a reader who has recently lost £275 through a brief business transaction with that notorious financier, Reginald Henry Charles Ashton, who was working in an office in Warwick Court, London, W.C.1, until war started. Then he evacuated his "office" to Bath Place, Worthing, Sussex.

A specialist in floating companies, this rogue's fly-by-night concerns are a continued source of danger. They have included: R. H. C. Ashton and Co., Ltd., Ashton and Bufton, Ltd., H. C. Anderson and Co., the Law Registry, Bankers Union Insurance Co., Ltd., West London Investments, Ltd., Motor Trade Investment, Ltd., and Ashton and Harmston, Ltd.

In one case a young man who had been loaded with 2,000 shares in West London Investments, Ltd., claimed that Ashton persuaded him to part with his money by misrepresentation.

But Ashton is accustomed to these incidents, knowing that most of his victims cannot afford legal costs.

When he was about to float R. H. C. Ashton, Ltd., asking for £500 to put into the business, one potential investor asked for accounts for three years.

Ashton was indignant. He couldn't be anything else.

Anyone who has financial dealings with this ingenious scoundrel is asking for trouble!

FORGETFUL AGNES

THE trouble with Agnes Pakenham is that whenever she goes to a military depot to see her son, "a subaltern in the Army, my dear," she is in too much of a hurry to collect enough money to pay her hotel bill.

You can't help feeling sorry for her.

Her only son is about to leave for service abroad, her hard-hearted banker unwilling to give her the money before the actual date that it is due.

And, after all, she is expensively dressed and claims relationship with a titled family.

You just can't help feeling sorry to the extent of lending her a few pounds. And you don't know until too late that Agnes Pakenham, a fifty-year-old charmer, thrives on such loans.

She is just another crook making money out of the war, using a mythical son in the Army to further her frauds. And she is making a good thing out of it, robbing hotel managers, boarding-house keepers and anybody else who falls for her pleasant talk.

DIED IN DESPAIR

CHARLES WRIGHT had been fighting unemployment and ill-health for years; he managed to struggle along. Death prevented him from recently appearing before the West London magistrate to explain why he was £14 in arrears with the rent of his flat on the Prince Henry Estate, Wandsworth. In his misery he turned on the gas and took his life.

This 64-year old tenant, with two sons serving with the British Forces, was so harassed by poverty and unemployment that he committed suicide.

Yet he was only in the same position as many tenants on this estate.

"About 80 per cent. of them are in difficulties through unemployment," said an official of the Tenants' Association to a JOHN BULL representative.

Yet the Wandsworth Borough Council, owner of the property, asked for possession orders.

The misery of some of these impoverished tenants is increased by the electric light being cut off.

If possession orders are granted, the plight of the tenants will be an indictment of the council's inhumanity.

Missing—£100

YET again I must emphasise the necessity of writing to me before and not after you have invested in any business offering jobs to anybody with money to spend.

I prefer to be wise before, not after, the event. It is so much more satisfactory.

There is the instance of the man who wrote to me only the other day, lamenting that he had lost an investment of £100 in Crepe Products, Ltd., formerly of Paddington, London, W., which he made because he was offered a job with a salary of £3 10s. a week.

Before he invested the money he talked to Mr. A. R. Firmin, who assured him that the firm had the rosiest future. Already there were hundreds of orders in hand. His optimism was unlimited.

But the investor was disillusioned when the company failed after a brief spell, and vacated its offices without the landlord's knowledge.

I could have saved this man £100 if he had only written to me before having truck with Mr. Firmin, against whom numerous judgments have been registered.

Proper enquiry would have shown that the company was thoroughly unworthy.

So write to me first, won't you?

SAUCY!

Keep this lucky letter in circulation. Send it to one of your dear friends who will help our fund. Whatever you do, if you want your wish to be granted, don't ignore or keep this letter more than three days. . . .

THIS impudent "snowball-cum-chain-letter," sent out by the "B.E. Forces Cigarette and Comfort Fund," of Cockmannings Road, St. Mary Cray, Orpington, Kent, claims to be a "letter of good-luck" sent to you to wish somebody else good luck and a safe return home."

It asks whether you have a "son, husband or somebody very dear who is fighting for King and Country."

And it suggests that the best way you can wish him "good luck and a safe return" is to send "anything you can afford" to the "fund for fighters in France."

Would you believe it?

He's a Raffles

BANK of England experts are hoping that Scotland Yard will be able to put an end to the dramatic criminal career of a resourceful rogue who has been playing hide and seek with detectives for more than a year.

This real-life Raffles was arrested a year ago in New York.

He escaped while on bail and crossed to this country.

Through the efforts of Scotland Yard he was traced in London and arrested on an extradition warrant applied for by the New York police.

He was brought up at Bow Street and allowed bail pending the arrival of an American detective.

Bail was renewed on two occasions, and at the third hearing he surrendered in the usual way.

Pleading that he wanted to speak to his lawyer, he was allowed to go into the court room—and strolled away.

Despite every effort to catch up with him, the "Phantom Forger" is as busy as ever, but his days of liberty are numbered.

Scotland Yard is relentless.

Our Big Little Houses

THE "gin-and-it" at the other end of the bar—why do men drink those stupid concoctions instead of honest beer?—was airing his ignorance of people he had hardly met, let alone knew.

He had just returned to the South after his first brief visit to the industrial North. He was speaking contemptuously, snobbishly of the people who "live in rows of little houses."

"They don't even know *how* to live," declared "the gin-and-it."

He said it with an air of smug social superiority that suggested he *did* know how to live, and that the workers of the North were beings of a lesser order.

Now I know the people who live in the little houses in the little streets. I know them and their homes—those clean, shining homes standing beneath the winding wheels of pits, beneath the smoke that pours from blast furnaces, beneath the shadow of shipyard and factory.

They may be little, those houses in terms of acreage, of bricks and mortar, of living accommodation.

Yet they are the biggest things in Britain.

They are more important than the big country houses, the serene estates, the prim villas of suburbia.

And the people who dwell in them are more important than the softer people of the South.

The hewers of coal, the builders of ships, the smelters of steel, the spinners and weavers of textiles *are* Britain, especially to-day, when the demands of the Allied war machine must be met.

Argue It Out!

by **PALLAS**

I know the people in the big-little-houses because I was born in one of them. I know all about their struggles, heartaches and hardships.

I know also that on a comparative basis the people of the North live better than the people of the South. The housewife in Durham, Yorkshire, Lancashire will feed a family better on £2 a week than will the housewife of Surrey, Middlesex, Sussex.

A sweeping generalisation, and one I don't like to write. I hate generalisations, and I hate even more belittling the good wives of the South.

Still more do I hate those who scorn the little houses because they have no garden, and the front room looks on to cobbled streets.

The men and women in the North know how to live all right. Within their limited means they get as much out of life as many people who have more money.

Allotments thrive in the North.

Pigeon fanciers abound.

So do whippet owners.

Sport plays a big part in the life of the Northerner. He follows his football team with a loyalty that is only comparable to his knowledge of the game.

QUOITS and bowls command his attention. And nowhere in Britain will you find a man more appreciative of his pint than the man from the North.

As you probably know, some men leave the North (as I have done) and leave, for ever, the little houses they knew in boyhood days.

I know a number of those men. To-day they hold big jobs. They live worlds apart from the rows of houses in which they received their childhood training.

Few of them forget the days when life was a constant hardship.

Few of them, in their rise to comparative success, forget that their mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, are carrying on in the North the tradition of Labour.

The gospel of the North still stays. It is a good gospel—*that life can be lived, fully and happily, as long as the family has an idea of its obligations towards others.*

I would like to take the "gin-and-it" man on a tour with me. I wish I could show him the grit, the beauty, the loveliness, that exist in the Northern homes I know.

He would forget his snobbishness; forget his stupid sense of superiority.

He would, as I do now, take off his silly hat to the big little people in the big little houses.

Famed as the man who never forgets a face, Major Campion, ex-chief of the Records Department at Scotland Yard, is now a B.E.F. police chief

"John Bull" reveals secrets of a miniature Scotland Yard C.I.D. established on the Western Front to stop Behind-the-Line pillaging

Sleuths on Active Service

WHOLESALE pillaging of B.E.F. equipment, petrol, food and ammunition by organised gangs of thieves working in French ports has led to the formation of a miniature C.I.D. on the Western Front.

The decision to form this corps of "Active Service Sleuths" was made after a series of conferences at which War Office officials met police chiefs at Scotland Yard to discuss an appeal made to Lord Gort by French detectives.

These troubled French police officers had reached a dead end in their efforts not only to stop thefts of Government stores in areas occupied by the British Expeditionary Force, but also to uncover the activities of aliens in the same territory.

Through their appeal to British Headquarters Detective Inspector Hatherill went to France with a party of bi-lingual detectives in December, eager to investigate these mysteries.

Hatherill is an experienced traveller.

Speaking eight languages, he has undertaken many Continental enquiries for Scotland Yard, and earned fame for the deftness with which he has solved international mysteries involving English crooks.

He was responsible for exposing a conspiracy to flood Britain with forged insurance stamps a year or so ago.

Twenty persons, most of them aliens, were arrested through his efforts, and sums amounting to many tens of thousands of pounds were mentioned when three men of Polish origin were sentenced at London's Old Bailey to long terms of imprisonment.

For that enquiry, Scotland Yard officers had to speak Polish, Swedish, Russian, Spanish, German and Italian.

It was a similar sort of mission that took Hatherill to France last December, and it was not long before they decided that thieves were systematically pillaging Army supply depots in France.

His reports on these thefts led to those dramatic conferences at Scotland Yard.

IT was then decided that a band of picked men from the Yard must entrain immediately for France to fight the looters.

The miniature "Scotland Yard C.I.D." was organised and "transferred for the duration" to the War Office.

Only men "with memories for faces" were allowed to undertake the work.

The man chosen to look after these sleuths in France was then arranging the coming transfer of millions of finger-prints and criminal record dossiers to the new Scotland Yard headquarters on the Thames Embankment.

Superintendent Clarence Campion, head of the Criminal Record Office and famed as the man who never fails to spot a face, was given the rank of major "for the duration" under an arrangement made between the War Office and the Police Chief.

He was attached to the Military Police and sent back to France, where he served in the last war as a Captain in the Royal Flying Corps.

Already he is installed in his French headquarters. He will soon be joined by Hatherill, seven detective sergeants and eleven detective constables.

This "active service" detective force will always number twenty unless special necessity calls for an increase.

By international agreement, the Sûreté, French equivalent to Scotland Yard, has formed a similar force. These French officers will always be on hand to help or advise Major Campion and to conduct special enquiries.

British members of the Major's staff, chosen not only because they are good linguists but also fraud and theft experts, are to be given military rank. At present most of them are temporary Lieutenants.

They have all been recruited from the Criminal Record Office or the Central Office of Scotland Yard.

Campion has included a study of every kind of crime in his Scotland Yard activities.

For nearly twenty years he has been collecting the knowledge of undesirable aliens working in Britain that now stamps him as an expert.

There are many criminal activities that must be stopped by the "Active Service Sleuths."

French police have so far been unable to uncover the criminal organisation that planned the theft of a lorry laden with tinned food soon after it was landed at a French port.

STORES valued at £1,500 vanished recently from an Army depot. Petrol, rifles and ammunition have also been among the "booty."

"Active Service Sleuths" will have need of all their vast experience and their determination if they are to beat the thieves.

But each of them is noted for his ability to "get his man," and some of the most dramatic stories of the war should be furnished by their Behind-the-Line exploits.

More Job Wangling

IT seems easy to get a comfortable Government job if you have a friend or relative with influence in Whitehall.

In the Ministry of Pensions paid jobs have been given to six wives, three nieces, three daughters and a daughter-in-law of permanent officials.

In another important Ministry, already generously staffed, two recent appointments are arousing comment because it is claimed that the officials concerned have absolutely no knowledge of the specialised work they are expected to do.

One apparently secured his appointment after a wealthy friend had paved the way by entertaining a certain senior officer.

And he was barely installed before a relative of his also gained a post.

It would be interesting to know how many other "friends" and "relatives" have blossomed into uniforms and padded armchairs by similar undesirable methods.

JOHN BULL predicts a big storm soon.

The indiscriminate appointment of amateurs to important posts is throwing extra work on their more competent colleagues.

Traitor Meeting at the Front!

NO longer does the Czar of the Kremlin keep tongue in swarthy cheek. While his hordes of ill-shod troops freeze to death on Finland's snow, his newspapers compete with Dr. Goebbels' propaganda machine in reviling Britain.

Stalin is still crafty.

Even though he has shaken Hitler's bloodied hands, he hesitates to entrust him with his armour.

One day the armies of these two dictators may unite in attacking British interests. Turkey and the Allies are already prepared to foil that attack.

Meanwhile, Stalin is still hoping that Hitler will do all the fighting and share the spoils between them in the end.

So Red agents are busy in British workshops and shipyards urging craftsmen to sabotage our war efforts.

British soldiers in France are bombarded with appeals to lay down their arms.

Their French comrades are targets in this campaign of seditious trickery.

★

Last week British Labour M.P.s heard a first-hand account from Paul Fauré, the French Socialist leader, of the conspiracy that justified the wholesale round-up of Communists throughout France.

Last week, French Reds, escaping from that police pounce, held a council of war.

They met at Aachen, in Germany, and they met under the auspices of the Gestapo, with experts of the Russian Ogpu to advise them.

At this traitors' conference it was decided to accelerate subversive activities in France.

The French Secret Service, whose efficiency is greater than its fame, believe that three methods will be used.

Propaganda among troops in the line and munition workers at home.

Classes for "professional revolutionaries" in big industrial towns, followed by the formation of "action squads" in vital industries.

More seditious broadcasting from the notorious Traitors' Station in Germany.

That is the skeleton of the plan.

It will mean determined attempts to provoke strikes on such a scale that Army supplies would be paralysed.

Delays in arms factories and on railways would be strengthened by unrest among troops.

Exiled Red leaders would be smuggled back to France by the Nazis to form a provisional government.

Its first act would be a peace pact with Germany on Hitler's terms and underwritten by Stalin.

A wild-cat plan.

Goebbels and the Moscow Comintern have joined forces in a cunning and insidious campaign to poison the minds of the workers of Britain and France.

Yet routes in and out of France for the renegades have been carefully prepared.

There are three of these "underground" channels. One runs from the rats' den at Aachen through Switzerland; the other burrows through Belgium with friendly nests at Liege, Brussels and Mons.

The third passes from Halluin to Menin.

The organisation is not new. For years spies and go-betweens have been provided with faked passports and identification papers.

Many of them have received careful training in Moscow.

There is ample proof that sedition has already been exploited in France on a country-wide scale.

Boxes of cigars and sweets are sent to the Front with Red leaflets concealed in the lids. Messages are smuggled into "cigarettes" that have only a wad of tobacco at each end.

"It is British machines, but *your bodies* that bear the brunt of the war," runs the theme of such propaganda, despite the official French disclosure that British casualties have been by far the heavier.

As in Britain, the Reds in France have gained control of small trade-unions, now being dispersed by the police. Party funds come from Moscow.

There is one important difference.

The Communist Party in Britain is a discredited rump, so politically weak that it has to depend on subterranean methods, with only a single representative in Parliament.

But it was the most highly organised political Party in France.

With an iron discipline, it was able to undermine the Popular Front, foment strikes, and obtain a million and a half votes at the polls.

★

Now it has been dissolved.

Sixty Communist deputies have been unanimously expelled by the French Parliament.

Their two leaders, who have fled the country, face sentence of death for high treason.

Mayors and councillors have been jailed. So have twenty workers who formed a "cell" in an aviation factory.

France is thus making it plain that the intrigues of Moscow's hirelings will fail to sabotage democracy's struggle for freedom.

At the other end of the world, intrigues no less treasonable are adding to the problems of Indian governments.

There, too, the conspiracy is directed by Moscow.

Provincial governments have accumulated ample evidence of Soviet espionage and sedition. Now being considered by the India Office, it should lead to vigorous counter-measures.

A large number of Indian students and unemployed youths are on the Ogpu payroll, drawing their treason wages through Russian firms in Bombay, Calcutta, Lahore, Madras and other big cities.

The man behind the North-West Frontier trouble is an Indian Communist.

Recently returned from Moscow, he is acting as adviser to the red-bearded, fanatical Fakir of Ipi, who once captured British medical officers and imprisoned them in a rat-infested cave so low that they could not stand upright, and last month ambushed and killed a British officer and his sergeant.

★

Other Red agents are urging Congress leaders to resume the civil disobedience movement.

It is significant that Congressmen who have formed provincial governments have been among the first to order drastic action against Communists fomenting mill strikes and attacks on Europeans.

No responsible Indian was slow to realise that the alliance between Stalin and Hitler is among the most cynical examples of treachery in all history.

JOHN BULL is confident that British workers will be no less contemptuous of conspirators taking orders from Moscow.

The Allies, through Mr. Chamb word on the subject of the pro of Peace and there is no doubt about—

WHATEVER report Mr. Sumner Welles may make to President Roosevelt, you can take it from JOHN BULL that there will be no peace with Germany until she repents and makes restitution.

The Allies have said their first and last word on this subject. They can't and don't hope to make anything *out* of the war. Their *sole* object is to smash the gang that has terrorised Europe since Nazis came into power.

In other words, it is Hitler's move next, or, better still, Germany's move. Chamberlain has said so in so many words. We add merely that Germany, meaning the mass of ordinary men and women in the Reich, must either throw the Nazi régime overboard or else fight this war to a finish.

A FIGHT TO A FINISH WILL NOT ONLY IMPOVERISH ALL EUROPE, BUT IT WILL DEFINITELY RUIN GERMANY.

We do not want to ruin Germany. We are not vindictive, but we have learned the painful lesson that Europe can never be prosperous while one of its chief peoples is bankrupt.

We should like to see a new and free and honest Germany playing its proper part in some new League of Nations, or its equivalent.

FOR our own sakes, and for the sake of this new Germany as well, we *must* first of all prove to all the world that might is not greater than right and that force can never pay permanent dividends.

Hitler knows both our maximum and minimum terms. They are identical. He knows that we shall not lay down our arms until the Old

"THE TRUMPETS OF REUNION"

SAY a prayer for all the children who from home are far away, who go to sleep in strangers' rooms in which they feel dismay, because the things around them are unfamiliar in their shape. Oh, God Bless all little children who fear Life's New Landscape.

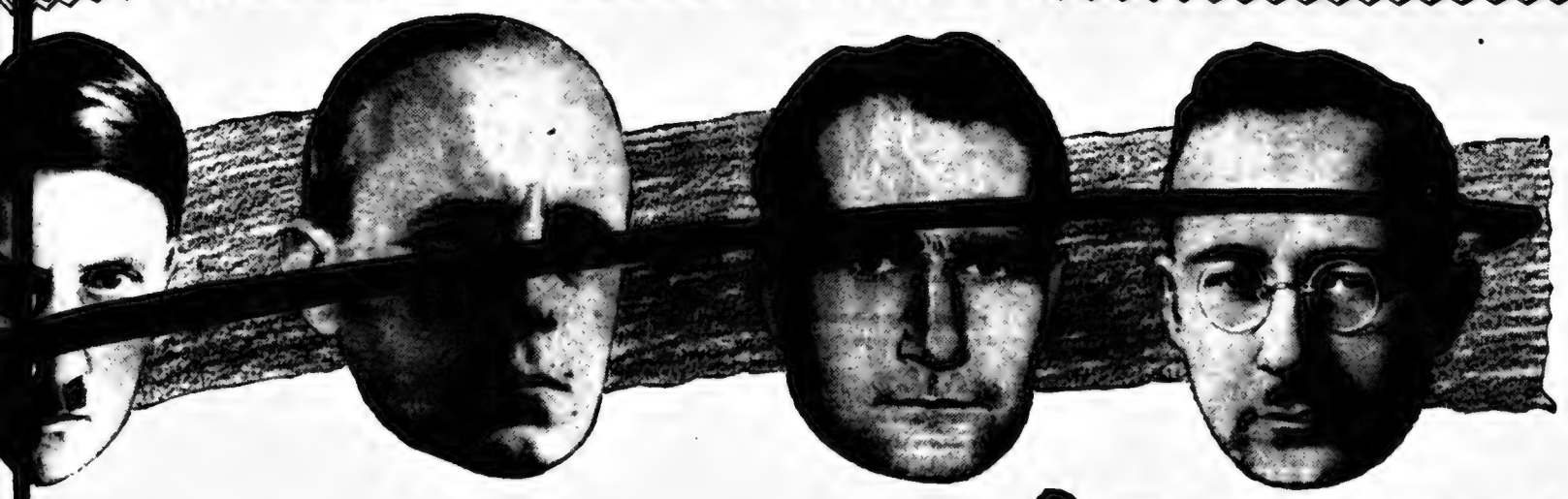
SAY a prayer for all the parents whose homes so empty feel, when they stand by little vacant beds where their children used to kneel, whose aching hearts are wondering about things no one can guess, unless they've suffered parting and know child-loneliness.

SAY a prayer for all those people whose homes have opened wide, so that a child in danger might find a place inside. For they have made a gesture immeasurable in its scope, they've entertained the Future World and given the Old World Hope.

SO let each one remember that God sees within each heart, He knows the things it costs us to play our humble part. For He can See the courage and He Understands the strain which all of us are going through till things come right again.

SO all those who are doing something that costs them dear, something not edged with Glory but patterned with a Tear; will, when Peace comes, be Happy in Life's Daily Round once more, when THE TRUMPETS OF REUNION sound at the Close of War.

J. M.



● "We cannot bargain with any member of the Nazi gang while that gang (with or without Hitler) still rules Germany."

lain, have said their last

ects

Germany's Only Chance

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR *by the Editor*

World is made "safe for democracy"—until we have secured the freedom and independence of small nations as well as great.

POLAND AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA MUST BE RESTORED TO FREEDOM *BEFORE* THE ALLIES ARE READY TO TALK PEACE. AUSTRIA MUST BE ALLOWED TO DECIDE HER OWN DESTINY.

Great Britain and France are not prepared to end this unsought conflict without solid guarantees that the enemy will not use a period of truce to draw his second wind and then resume the war.

Germany cannot win.

HER ONLY CHANCE TO SECURE A JUST AND LASTING PEACE IS TO DISOWN THE RUFFIAN MOB OF GRAFTERS NOW HOLDING POWER AND OFFICE.

HER ONLY HOPE OF REGAINING HER OWN FREEDOM AND SELF-RESPECT IS TO REPENT OF HER EVIL WAYS AND RENOUNCE THE DOCTRINE OF FORCE.

We cannot discuss peace with Adolf Hitler because he is a liar and a cheat.

We cannot bargain with any member of the Nazi gang while that gang (with or without Hitler) still rules Germany.

If Hitler should ever come to his senses and realise that he has no chance of victory, his only hope of making some amends to his own countrymen would be to "abdicate."

Nothing is less likely than any such change of heart or change of mind in the case of the frenzied egomaniac who is still, nominally, the tyrant of the Reich.

NEVERTHELESS, we believe that a sort of change has taken place in Hitler himself and also among his followers.

A doubt, a faint, indignant, anguished doubt of his own infallibility caught the Fuehrer by the throat in his last public speech and left him choking in passionate denial.

The same doubt, but more definite, has assailed his chief lieutenants and his generals. They are afraid of the Leader still, but they are even more afraid of his leadership.

A FEW MONTHS AGO HITLER'S WORD WAS LAW. TO-DAY THE MEN WHO SURROUND HIM DARE TO ARGUE AND EVEN TO RESIST HIS WILL. AND DESPOTISM DOES NOT LONG SURVIVE ANY SUCCESSFUL OPPOSITION.

THERE IS YET ANOTHER DOUBT THAT HAUNTS THE MINDS OF ALL THE NAZI CHIEFTAINS. THEY DOUBT THE PEOPLE.

The "party" men are loyal. Each in his small way shares in the profits of the Nazi racket. The young men in the fighting services have not yet lost faith in Germany's triumphant destiny under Hitler's guidance.

But the middle-aged men and women and the old folk are full of restless fear. They fill the theatres, the cinemas and the beer-halls, spending freely the money that will still buy drink and entertainment and illusion.

Deep in their hearts is the constant dread of war's misery and impoverishment. They remember seeing all their savings vanish like melting snow some twenty years ago.

THEY dare not criticise. They dare not openly complain, but they long for peace. Poland, Czechoslovakia, even Austria, mean nothing to them in comparison with security and simple happiness.

The Nazis may hold this large section of the German population in subjection without difficulty until "some major disappointment," economic or military, adds fresh fuel to their discontent to fire the courage of Hitler's millions of secret enemies.

BUT EVEN NOW GERMANY'S LEADERS SO MUCH MISTRUST THE CIVILIAN PUBLIC THAT THEY DARE NOT HOLD BIG MEETINGS AT ADVERTISED TIMES AND PLACES. AND HITLER HIMSELF LIVES IN FEAR OF ASSASSINATION.

The Fuehrer sneers contemptuously at our pamphlet raids, but the Gestapo does not sneer. It forbids the people to read these leaflets under penalty of death.

It may seem a hazardous and costly thing to send our warplanes to Berlin solely to bombard the enemy capital with paper. Yet do you think that *we* should be quite unimpressed if the Heinkels and the Dorniers roared over our own cities, dropping propaganda instead of bombs?

We should not believe a word of the enemy's message. We should not be moved by his threats or deceived by his promises.

BUT WE ARE NOT GERMANS. WE ARE FREE TO READ, FREE TO DISCUSS AND FREE TO LISTEN TO FOREIGN AND NEUTRAL BROADCASTS. THE PEOPLE OF GERMANY ARE TOLD NOTHING BUT WHAT THEIR LEADERS CHOOSE TO TELL THEM. THEY *KNOW* THAT THEIR NEWS IS "COOKED."

There is a hunger of the mind for truth that can become more demoralising than undernourishment of the body.

Because we anticipate the ultimate collapse of Germany from within, we support the Government wholeheartedly in its resolve to prepare for a long war.

Perhaps it will be a long war. Perhaps not. But we must convince *Germany* of our implacable resolve.

Possibly we shall also have to convince the neutrals. We did not like Mr. Ronald Cross's recent admission of "leaks" in our blockade. We know that neutrals (at least a big one such as the United States) *have* to be considered, but we wonder whether we are not considering them too much.

Mr. Churchill always means business.

He has given us a sober, but on the whole encouraging, "balance sheet" of marine gains and losses in the first six months of the war.

BUT even the First Lord of the Admiralty (the best hated man in Germany, and, by that token, the most feared) is not free to use the Navy just as he pleases. He has to concede much to the neutrals.

And he made two admissions which left us somewhat uneasy. One was that we are short of labour for shipbuilding.

The second admission did not come as news to JOHN BULL. We refer to the abandonment of Scapa Flow as a naval base and the damage done to two of our capital ships by enemy mine and torpedo.

THE ADMIRALTY WAS ILL-ADVISED TO DELAY THIS NEWS SO LONG. THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY ARE NOT AFRAID OF THE TRUTH. GOOD OR BAD, THEY CAN "TAKE IT."

The Government, which must convince Germany and the neutrals of its 100-per-cent. resolve to win the war, ought never to forget that it is equally necessary to implant this conviction in the nation itself.

We feel strongly that the Government ought to take greater advantage of the people's loyalty and eagerness to serve.

Cabinet Ministers are too vague in their exhortations. Their speeches contain too many "ifs" and "buts." They warn us again and again that we may have to accept this sacrifice or that, and face this peril or the other.

THEY SELDOM TELL US IN PLAIN WORDS WHAT WE OUGHT TO DO. THEY SEEM AFRAID TO TRUST THE COUNTRY COMPLETELY.

THEY ARE SO CAREFUL OF OUR FEELINGS, SO AFRAID OF BEING DICTATORIAL, THAT THEY MAKE THEIR PRONOUNCEMENTS WITH AN AIR OF APOLOGY AND MOVE TIMIDLY ALONG THE PATHS OF NECESSARY WAR TIME LEGISLATION.

ONCE again JOHN BULL would remind the Government that the British public can "take it." For the purposes of winning the war it is ready to make any sacrifice.

It deserves to be told the truth. It demands nothing but honesty and fair play. Give it these things, and it will follow a resolute leadership through thick and thin to certain victory.

Germany's only chance of cutting this war short is to throw Hitler overboard and run his sorry gang of rogues and ruffians out of office.

The chief risk of prolonging it unduly is to put forward something less than Britain's maximum effort and to under-estimate, either the enemy's strength on the one hand, or the grand, stubborn fighting qualities of our own people on the other.

Something to Think About!

When the pipes froze and flooded the kitchen beneath, he was as happy as a sandboy

Complete Story by WILL SCOTT

LIKE greater discoverers before him, Archie Fenn didn't know he'd got it when he first got it. It was in the early days of the war, those Indian summer days of last September, when the doings of man were just a blot.

Archie used to sit in his garden and worry. Worry about the war. All day long. There was nothing else to do. He didn't even notice his garden as he sat there. His flowers bloomed for nothing. At any rate, not for Archie. He didn't see them. He just sat and worried.

"Do try to think about something else sometimes," said his wife. But it was no use.

"How can you?" Archie would say. "There's nothing else to think about. You go down the High Street—soldiers: war. You look up in the sky—aeroplanes: war. You open your newspaper—war. You turn on the radio—war. And you say think of something else!"

So Mrs. Fenn sent him round to the Corner Shop to buy some candles. Not that she wanted any candles, but she thought it would take his mind off things.

If there were two people on this earth who worried more about the war than Archie Fenn they were Mortimer and Mrs. Mortimer, who ran the Corner Shop.

WASN'T it terrible? Would it last three years? Or thirty? Did it mean the end of civilisation?

"My wife," said Mortimer, "is afraid to go to bed at nights. She'll never stand three years of *this*."

So that Archie got back with a long face.

"You needn't send me there for candles any more!" he complained. "All those two old fools talk about is the war. It gets on your nerves."

And he went and sat in his garden and worried. About the war.

This went on for days.

One day a wind sprang up and blew a bit of dirt into Archie's right eye.

Archie was both annoyed and irritated. He couldn't open his eye at all. It watered like a fountain. He rubbed it. That made it worse.

He went indoors to see whether his wife could do anything about it. She poked and prodded with the corner of a handkerchief and moved the bit of dirt so that at last he could open his eye. But she didn't get the bit of dirt out.

Archie swore.

"Go down to the chemist's," said Mrs. Fenn. "He'll get it out for you."

So Archie put on his hat and walked down the garden path. And at the gate—suddenly—stab!

He put up his hand and brushed something off his neck. The next moment he was hurrying back into the house.

"I've been stung by a wasp!" he said.

"Let me see," said his wife.

She saw.

"It's swelling," she informed him.

"Wasp-stings can be dangerous!" Archie sighed.

"Come into the kitchen."

Mrs. Fenn got busy with the bluebag. Then she told him to go and walk up and down the garden.

"It'll pass off soon, you'll see," she said. "Does it hurt?"

"Does it hurt! Like ten thousand hot needles!"

He walked up and down the garden, worrying about the dreadful results that can follow a wasp-sting. He had heard of many cases where people had *died* from wasp-stings. He was terribly worried.

Presently his wife looked out of the kitchen door.

"How goes it?"

"It's not so hot," he answered.

She inspected it.

"It's going down," she said.

"Ah!" said he.

Half an hour later he came in.

"I can't feel it all now," he told her.

She inspected it again.

"Nothing to see but a little red spot," she said, "and that will be gone by to-night."

So Archie stopped worrying about the wasp-sting.

"I've still got that confounded thing in my eye," he grumbled.

"I'd forgotten about it," said Mrs. Fenn.

"So had I," Archie admitted. "But it's still there."

"You were going to the chemist's."

"Yes. I'd better go now."

For the second time he set off down the garden path. This time he got out into the avenue, round into High Street.

And there, suddenly, something seemed to click, and he stood blinking at the houses.

"H'm!" said Archie.

And he went back home.

"It's gone!" he said. "It came out as I was walking down the High Street."

"There you are!" said his wife. "It wasn't worth worrying about."

"No," Archie agreed. And he stopped worrying about the dirt in his eye.

He went down the garden and sat. And went on worrying about the war.

And he hadn't the faintest inkling of his great discovery.

It took the 'flu in January to open Archie's eyes.

The 'flu was bad. Archie's dose of it was, at any rate. He thought he was going to die. Motionless, for hours he would stare at the wallpaper and not really care what might be going to happen.

One day his wife came into the bedroom with the latest radio war news.

"I'm not interested," said Archie. "War? I've got something else to worry about."

SOMETHING else to worry about. . . .

And that was when Archie saw the great truth.

In a flash his mind went back to the sunny days of September. He hadn't been able to worry about the war when he had the grit in his eye. He hadn't been able to worry about the grit in his eye when the wasp stung him.

And now, again, he couldn't worry about the war because he was dying of the 'flu.

"My hat!" Archie exclaimed to the wallpaper. "That's an idea!"

When Archie got better of the 'flu he was a changed man. His new philosophy

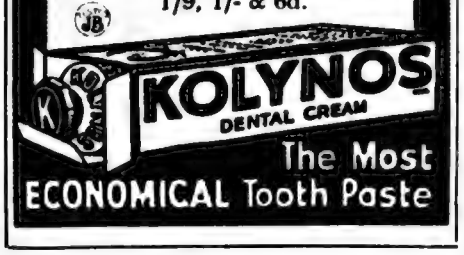
(Continued on page 24)

SPOTLIGHT ON CHARM

Why let the dull and unattractive condition of your teeth rob you of your charm? Try KOLYNOS—and *your* smile too will be a pleasant memory. Use KOLYNOS regularly and soon your teeth will be whiter, brighter and sparkling with new lustre.

Of all Chemists and Stores 1/9, 1/- & 6d.

JB



The Most ECONOMICAL Tooth Paste

On Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, I see that smile And whisper "I'll Enjoy a glass of that a day!"

JB

What a cheerful sight a Guinness is these days! You know you're going to enjoy your drink. You know it's going to do you good.

During physical, mental or nervous strain, a Guinness a day is a magnificent natural tonic.

G.E. 900.3

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

"Nothing could be simpler than my complexion care— yet it does wonders for my skin"

SAYS Lady Kinross

Analysis of Lady Kinross's features

(1)
Shape of Face: Oval, with high, finely-modelled cheek-bones.

(2)
Forehead: High, smooth, and very white.

(3)
Eyes: Large, clear blue with a hint of green, fringed with long, up-curling dark lashes. The eyelids very white, smooth and unwrinkled.

(4)
Nose: Small and straight, the skin very fine and even-textured.

(5)
Mouth: Clear-cut, with sensitively-moulded lips.

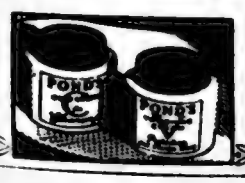
(6)
Chin: Softly rounded, with smooth, fine skin. No blemishes or large pores to spoil its youthful perfection.

(7)
Hair: Dark and silky—a lovely foil for a transparently fair, delicate skin.

FOR her exquisitely fine skin, Lady Kinross uses only the very simplest of beauty-care. "Simple—yes," she says. "But it does wonders! Pond's Creams keep my skin in perfect condition with no trouble at all."

These famous creams can safeguard *your* complexion, too. By using them you can make your skin clearer, finer, smoother than ever before. Pond's Creams cleanse, protect, stimulate and lubricate your skin. After just a few weeks you can see the difference. Big pores close up, little lines and wrinkles are smoothed away and sallowness gives place to fresh, healthy colour. Your skin takes on new brightness, new youthfulness.

Begin using Pond's Creams now! Use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and lubricate your skin. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream during the day to protect your skin and to hold your powder on smoothly for hours. Pond's Creams are sold in handy tubes as well as in the usual jars.



LADY KINROSS, wife of Baron Kinross, is tall, slender, blue-eyed, with an exquisitely delicate skin. Her war-work is nursing. She says: "Whenever fatiguing work threatens to make my complexion lined and tired, I spend a little extra time with Pond's Creams. They work *wonders* in keeping my skin soft, fine and smooth."

Schoolgirl Complexions are in!

Simple fashions ask for the natural *complexion these rich palm and olive oils can give you..*

Pretty-pretty styles are out, but Schoolgirl complexions face up to the times! They *look* charming, they *are* practical—and easy to come by. Palmolive soap is so rich in pure palm and olive oils that every Palmolive bath is a beauty treatment! It's sure, it's safe and it's economical—make it *your* soap!

$3\frac{1}{2}$d.
U.K. only

"RISING PRICES MAKE IT HARDER THAN EVER TO FEED FIVE ON 30/- A WEEK"

SAYS MRS. SMITH OF CATFORD

HER "WAR" BUDGET ADDS UP LIKE THIS

	£	s.	d.
Rent		16	2
Gas and Electricity		3	0
Coal		2	9
Insurance		5	0
Clothes		3	0
Food	1	10	0
Husband's Expenses		5	0
Sundries		1	1
	£3	6	0

With rationing in force, Mrs. Smith's family find it easier to get the nourishment they need because she's learned that

ROWNTREE'S COCOA AIDS DIGESTION

"THIS WAR doesn't make things any easier for big families," says Mrs. Smith. "Food continues to get dearer, rationing makes it worse—but even with five mouths to feed, we still manage, thanks to Rowntree's Cocoa.

"I've always given the whole family Rowntree's — so I've never really *worried* about how I'd give them proper nourishment in war-time. You see, I've learned that Rowntree's Cocoa is 'pre-digested'—so in addition to being nourishing itself, it also helps them to digest their food better — and makes everything they eat with it go further."

* * *

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS A FOOD, made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself — it helps people to digest all their other food more *quickly* and *with less effort*. This means children get more nourishment out of their meals — put on *extra* bone and muscle.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS RICH IN COCOA BUTTER. This high fat-content — not present in other well-known beverages — is particularly important at this time, when mothers of families are faced with butter rationing.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA HAS A LOVELY, RICH CHOCOLATY FLAVOUR. Half a teaspoonful makes one cup — so it's more economical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks. And, because it's "pre-digested," when taken before bed, Rowntree's not only warms you, but also helps your supper to "go down better." This helps you to get deeper, sounder sleep.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA Aids digestion

MAKES EVERY MEAL GO FURTHER

Widow in Distress

Three Minute Mystery

The young widow explained to Captain Connolly how she had heard a shot in the lieutenant's room

"I SENT for you as soon as I saw that the lieutenant was dead," said Mrs. White, an attractive young widow, as she opened the door of her boarding-house to Captain Connolly, of Military Intelligence, and Inspector Nathan, of the local police.

And as she led the men into the house she explained that on hearing a shot she had opened the door of the lieutenant's room, to find that he had shot himself.

"There was a gun on the floor," she said, "and as he was obviously shot through the heart, I knew it was no use sending for a doctor.

"Nothing has been touched in the room. I hardly crossed the threshold myself. It must have been suicide because I was in the passage when I heard the shot and I would have seen anybody coming out of the room.

"It would be impossible to get through the window because the lieutenant was using the old nursery as his sitting-room, and there were bars fitted across the casement. Still, you had better go up and see for yourselves."

She indicated the door and left the men to walk up the stairs by themselves.

Connolly unlocked the door and went into the room to find the young officer lying face down on the hearthrug. There was a Service revolver only a few feet from his outstretched right hand. His left arm was under his body.

The inspector gently turned the body on to its back and commented on the wound, explaining that the high-velocity bullet of the Service revolver must have mushroomed against a bone to prevent its coming out of the man's back. "Dead as soon as the bullet hit him," he said.

"You're quite right," said Connolly, "but it wasn't suicide. I think we'd better go down and tell Mrs. White that she is going to be arrested. She shot the lieutenant."

WHY DID HE SAY THAT?

See page 32

Continuing Short Story from page 22

had given him a changed outlook on life. He still worried about the war. But not all the time, as in September. Now he had little holidays from worrying about the war.

When the solicitor threatened proceedings if he didn't settle Martin and Martin's account he brightened considerably.

It gave him something else to worry about.

WHEN the policeman called about the dog licence he had forgotten to take out he became almost light-hearted.

And when the pipes froze in February and something burst in the bathroom and flooded the kitchen beneath he was as happy as a sandboy for two whole days.

"War?" he said, when finally he got the mess cleared up. "I'd forgotten there was a war on. *I've had something else to worry about.*"

He was, as everybody noticed, happier than he had been for months.

Meanwhile, stories were getting around about the Mortimers at the Corner Shop. You'd hear that the war was pretty well driving Mrs. Mortimer off her head, that Mortimer was as worried as a man could be, that he was hoping to sell the business and get right away, but that there were no offers and not likely to be any.

Archie was sorry about all this. He had known the Mortimers at their Corner Shop for several years, and it would not be quite the same if they left.

"Got to do something," thought Archie.

AND it was quite a little crack in the ceiling of the Corner Shop that gave him his idea.

When he got back home he poked about in the shed and found a piece of three-ply. After dark he took this round to the Corner Shop, propped it against the ventilator in the side wall and gave it a sharp tap. The result was an audible crack.

And Archie went back home.

An hour later Archie returned to the Corner Shop for matches, to find the Mortimers puzzled but not yet alarmed. They wanted to know if Archie had heard a loud crack about an hour before, but Archie said "No."

"We wondered if it was something a long way off," said Mortimer, "though it seemed to come from that wall."

Archie gravely inspected "that wall" and pointed out the small fissure above their heads.

"Of course, the dry autumn did a lot of damage," he said. "If you ask me, I should say the foundations are going."

"The foundations of the shop?" gasped Mrs. Mortimer.

"Well, there's nothing much to be seen *above* the floor," said Archie. "You say it was a fairly loud noise. If you hear it again I should have the builders in and have an inspection."

He went home. At nine o'clock that night he repeated his operation with the ply-wood and took a last look through a chink in the blacked-out windows of the Corner Shop.

Mortimer was frantically pulling packing-cases and boxes away from the side wall and the look in his eye suggested he was going to tear up the floor-boards.

"Well," thought Archie, "they're not worrying about the war now."

The builders came to the Corner Shop the next afternoon. A casual survey revealed nothing to worry about. To do the job thoroughly, they said, would cost pounds. They suggested leaving things for the moment. There was no immediate danger.

Archie strolled in that evening.

"The war——" he began.

"War be damned!" said Mortimer.

Archie smiled.

"Do you know," said Mortimer, "we haven't been to bed all night. Sat up in case the roof collapsed on us! We've had the builders in and the place upside down all day."

"And the war——"

"We'd forgotten," said Mortimer, "there was a war on!"

"Ah!" Archie exclaimed. "There you are! For the very first time since last September you haven't been worrying about the war! And—you've *me* to thank for that!"

HE went into details.

"Do you mean it was you all the time?" said Mrs. Mortimer.

"Taking your minds off your obsession," said Archie.

"You?" said Mortimer.

"Alone," said Archie, proudly, "I did it!"

His wife was waiting for him when he got back home.

"The six o'clock news——" she began.

"Don't talk to me about the war!" said Archie. "I've got something else to think about!"

"Why, dear," said his wife, "what's the matter?"

"*Black eye!*" said Archie.

And went upstairs.

Pools Notes by "Poolex"

HERE are some facts to help punters when making their forecasts. Most newspapers give a summary of forecasting experts' predictions.

In my analysis, I have used the summary given by the *Daily Herald* every Tuesday. This gives a consensus of the opinions of 20 experts, which I have compared with the actual results of 150 penny pool games.

Here are the figures:—

No. of home votes.	Results. 1	x	2
13 or more	15	1	1
7 to 12	26	6	13
1 to 6	18	10	17
Nil.	12	8	24

Notice that where 13 or more of the 20 experts predict a home win, the majority verdict is virtually always right.

There are usually two matches of this sort on the penny pool list each week, giving you two "ready-made" home bankers for a start.

It should not be difficult to find a third home banker from the second group of games. You are more likely to choose correctly than to fail.

In matches for which none of the experts forecasts a home win, the result is a "2" three times out of five.

If you choose three away bankers from this group you are on a fairly good thing. There are 21 chances out of 100 that all three will be correct, and another 43 chances that you will have two right.

If one of your choices fails, it is much more likely to be a "1" than an "x." This is important in points pools. It means that three away bankers chosen from the group we are talking about have an even chance of being within one point of the correct results.

I do not recommend choosing draw bankers these days, even for points pools. You can see from the figures above that draws are scarce—slightly less than one match in seven—so they are too risky for bankers.

The average punter's chances of picking six bankers—three homes and three aways—correctly are not more than 8 to 1 against, which are pretty short odds.

Busy people everywhere start the day with the *30-Second Breakfast*

PALS. Here you see Miss V. G. Dimes, riding mistress at Sheen House Stables, Sheen, with her favourite horse. Miss Dimes says: "I always start the day with a 30-second breakfast. Kellogg's keep me going all morning long — and my job is real hard work, too. Another reason I like Kellogg's is because they save me all the bother and extra expense of cooking a breakfast."

It's crisp, delicious — it's packed with energy — and it saves time and trouble because it takes only 30 seconds to serve

EVERY MORNING, in every part of Britain, millions of people start the day with Kellogg's, the 30-second breakfast.

And a grand start for the day it is, too! You see, those big golden flakes are just packed with energy — they get you off in grand style and keep you going full-steam ahead right through to lunch time.

Then, too, the 30-second breakfast saves so much time and trouble. It's ready to serve straight from the packet — no cooking, no bother, no waiting about till breakfast's ready. Think what this means in a busy household.

What's more, Kellogg's are so delicious. Crisp, crunchy, oven-fresh — every spoonful is a sheer delight.

Buy Kellogg's from your grocer and give your family a treat for breakfast. They'll love Kellogg's and you'll be thrilled with the time and trouble you save. Kellogg's cost only 5d. and there are ten big breakfasts in every packet.

SCIENTIFIC PROOF of the great energy-giving power of the 30-Second Breakfast

An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowl of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. (Bowl of Kellogg's 220-230 calories. 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That is why busy workers everywhere find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

FIRST FAVOURITE. "My boys insist on Kellogg's," says Mrs. Brockhurst of Leicester, here seen at breakfast with Michael and David, "because they're so crisp — that's what boys like. Naturally, I'm only too pleased because I know that Kellogg's provide a splendid energy-giving meal."

Boiling clothes is old-fashioned and unnecessary nowadays

Modern method saves fuel, time and work— is kinder to clothes

THERE is absolutely no need nowadays to boil clothes. It has been discovered that whites are *snowy* after a few minutes' soaking in warm Rinso suds.

Think of it! Never again to waste fuel keeping the copper boiling! Never again to spend hours slaving away in that damp, steamy atmosphere! Never again to have sore washday hands!

From one end of the country to the other, this marvellous news is spreading. People who laughed at the idea at first now admit they were wrong. They have seen with their own eyes that when they use Rinso and this new no-boiling method, whites are actually *cleaner* than when they were boiled the old-fashioned way!

WASHING DONE 1¼ HOURS EARLIER

People are finding, too, that their washing is finished far earlier. An average wash (50 pieces) can actually be done an hour and a half earlier. Think what it means to be able to start drying your clothes an hour and a half sooner!

This simpler, modern method is also kinder to clothes. Tests prove that long boiling and hard rubbing reduce the potential life of fabrics by at least one-third. This means that clothes and household linen will last one-third as long again when that old-fashioned method of washing is given up. That alone would be enough reason for changing to this gentler Rinso method.

OLD LONG-BOILING WAY

Try this new no-boiling method next washday and see for yourself how much work, time and fuel it saves you. Your whole wash is safe in Rinso. Packets are 3½d., 6d. or 1/- (Giant) and you need nothing else.

NEW METHOD: Sort out your ordinarily dirty whites and put them into the copper in cool Rinso suds. Let them soak for about a quarter of an hour while the suds warm up, then take them out. Now into the same suds put your extra-dirty whites. Damp any very grubby places and smooth in a little dry Rinso. Let this second batch soak for about twenty minutes while the suds continue to warm up. In this way you save at least half the fuel you ordinarily use. When you take the clothes out, the water will be hot — but not nearly boiling. Yet the clothes will be dazzling. *And the suds can then be used AGAIN for general cleaning.*

SOAKS DISHES CLEAN, TOO — IN 3 MINUTES!

GIVE your dishes a 3-minute soak in Rinso suds. This soaks off all grease and stains. There's no scum. China and glass sparkle. A teaspoonful of Rinso is enough in a big washing-up bowl.

No boiling now with

RINSO

R 2890-364-65

R. S. Hudson Limited, London

Aces of the Secret Service—5 by Louis C. Mansfield

● *Railway junctions reveal vital secrets to spies in war-time. For the movements of troop trains indicate the High Command's latest lines of attack.*

NEWSPAPERS reported a week or two ago that the German Secret Police were turning families out of houses overlooking railway lines in Poland and Czechoslovakia, and filling them with Germans.

They were reputed to be rounding up young Poles and Czechs who lived near railway junctions and putting them in concentration camps.

Those news items stirred many memories in the minds of ex-secret service operatives.

Many of them will recall the bravest boy spy—Leon Turpin, or Trulin—"Agent Leon 143," of the British Secret Service, whose extraordinary achievements in 1915 paved the way to recent happenings in Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Leon was born in Lille, in France, in June, 1897, of an English father and a French mother.

He was brought up in Ath, in Belgium, until 1910, when, on the death of his father, his mother went back to France.

Leon Turpin presented himself at Secret Service H.Q., at Folkestone on July 5, 1915, asking to see Major Monthaye, the chief.

Monthaye was then troubled over the position of affairs in Lille.

Every one of our agents there had been captured and shot, and every new man we sent over was intercepted before he had travelled half-way.

Lille, with its huge troop movements and its dozens of gun-emplacements, was a closed book.

Those gun-emplacements were the chief worry in Major Monthaye's life.

They were pounding our trenches to pieces, yet there was nothing we could do about it.

Time after time Allied aircraft went across on special reconnaissance missions, but the guns were so well hidden and so carefully protected by German 'planes from the huge flying-grounds outside Lille, each attempt proved fruitless.

The British High Command was hammering Monthaye for precise information, and receiving back only polite apologies.

In the circumstances, the harassed Major did not feel like wasting time on a lad who called to see him.

"Ask him what he wants to see me about," the Major barked at the orderly.

The orderly was back in a few moments.

"He says he's just come from Lille, sir. He has some information that might be useful to you."

MONTHAYE calmed down.

"Lille, eh?" he said. "I don't suppose he knows anything. Still, it might be worth while seeing him. Bring him in!"

A thin, weedy, anæmic-looking youth edged doubtfully into the room.

"Well, what is this information you think you've got?"

"I might be able to tell you something about the gun-emplacements around Lille," came the halting answer.

"The gun-emplacements around Lille? What do you know about them?"

Leon was nervous, as any eighteen-year-old boy would be in the presence of such an important man.

"Well, you see, sir," he said hesitantly, "I've been to every one of them within four miles of Lille."

This was too much for Monthaye.

"You'll be telling me next that you've visited the three aerodromes there."

"Yes, I have, but there are four now. The Germans put down another last month in the valley behind that ridge to the east of Lille.

"I've been to the ammunition dumps, too. They've got one in nearly every field around the town, and I have been to the warehouses where they keep all their war stores."

Monthaye was incredulous. A mere boy had succeeded where his best spies had failed!

"How did you come by all this information?"

LEON blushed and shuffled his feet.

"Well, you see," he said shamefacedly, "there's nothing to do in Lille. The Germans won't allow anyone out after sunset and there's no amusements. So I invented a game. Raymond Derain and Marcel Gautier, two or three other boys and myself pretended we were spies trying to find out everything about the Germans.

"Whenever a new artillery unit came through the town, one of us had to follow it to the emplacement. Another one would have to watch a certain aerodrome and find out how many aeroplanes there were there on a certain day.

"We even took turns in hanging around the railway terminus watching the troops detraining and trying to find out where they were going.

"The Germans didn't pay any attention to us because we were only kids. All they did, when we got too curious, was to kick us in the pants and tell us to go home!"

Monthaye sent for large-scale maps of the Lille area, and Leon spent the next two days, pencil in hand, sketching in the boundaries of the four aerodromes, marking in the position of every one of the hidden gun-emplacements within four miles of Lille, indicating the location of every munition dump and—on a large-scale town plan—even ticking off the actual town plots on which stood the various warehouses that the Germans had crammed with war stores.

"Leon Turpin told us more in half an hour than a dozen trained spies could have discovered in six months!" said Major B., Major Monthaye's immediate chief.

Unfortunately Leon's information was sadly lacking in vital details.

To him a cannon was a cannon, merely "a big one" or "a little one," according to size.

A six-inch gun or a five-inch howitzer meant nothing to him.

He did not know the difference between the various types of aircraft at the aerodromes, or the regiments he had watched detraining.

AS soon as he realised the importance of these additional details, he offered to go back to get them.

Monthaye was loath to use an eighteen-year-old boy, but as the High Command was considering a thrust at Lille to recover some of the lost ground it was important to know just what type of guns were hidden in the emplacements.

As a forlorn gesture, Major Monthaye put a bargain to young Leon.

"I'll send you," he said, "and you can look on the mission as a test. If you can bring me back the additional details, especially the facts about Lille forts, I'll enlist you as a regular agent!"

Leon spent the next seven days at Folkestone Spy-School—the most "hush-hush" school in the world—where all agents were prepared for their missions.

He was taught to distinguish various German units by the markings on their uniforms. He studied photographs of German artillery until he could recite their type and calibre merely by glancing at them.

He was shown silhouettes of German aeroplanes in flight and on the ground, and he was crammed with specific details.

Finally, he was rushed to Flushing and smuggled into Belgium.

Leon was within a mile of his home when he recalled that on escaping into Holland he had written his mother a note telling her of his intention to enlist.

The letter would have passed through the hands of the German censors, and it would be too dangerous to get in touch with his family.

So he made for a disused barn on the Vacquier farm and, using it as his headquarters, quietly contacted the boys with whom he had "played spies."

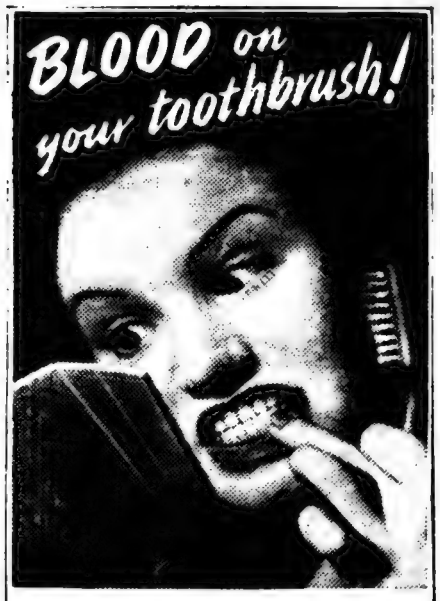
One can imagine the thrill that ran through his little band when they learned that he was no longer "*playing spies.*"

After setting them to work on minor phases of his mission, he made a hurried tour of the gun-emplacements, with Raymond Derain, to identify the various types of gun.

Then he spent three days on a small hill near the forts studying them with a pair of field-glasses that Raymond had taken from his father's wardrobe.

You can gain an idea of Leon's extraordinary organising abilities and the high

(Continued on page 28.)



Look out for your teeth!

Blood on your toothbrush is a danger signal for your teeth. It indicates the presence of gum-rot (pyorrhoea) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis) — the diseases which undermine your teeth *and* your health. But don't wait till your gums start to bleed. Get Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste today! It contains Sodium Ricinoleate, which dentists use in their own surgeries both to prevent and to cure these gum diseases. Use Gibbs S.R. twice daily. Only such regular care can make your gums healthy and keep your teeth sound and white.

Saves your teeth because it's good for your gums

GIBBS **S.R.** TOOTHPASTE

1/3 and now 6d too!

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON

GP 79-759-60

Pleasant

"ONE-DAY"

way to

BANISH CONSTIPATION

Doctors agree that persistent dosings of laxatives are often injurious. To form a *habit* of laxative taking is almost as bad as having constipation.

Feen-a-mint has solved the problem of constipation for millions of intelligent people. They find it is *safe* because with Feen-a-mint daily dosing is unnecessary. Feen-a-mint is the occasional, natural laxative. It puts your system right the *first time*; regulates it *at once* and puts you back to normal, healthy regularity!

What's more, Feen-a-mint has no unpleasant after-effects whatsoever. It is simple and pleasant to take; that's why kiddies love it. Feen-a-mint acts quickly and naturally. Right after taking Feen-a-mint you *feel good*. No headaches, indigestion, lassitude, bad complexion. Feen-a-mint makes you feel fit and vital again—the *first time*! Don't wait any longer. Get your Feen-a-mint today. You'll be glad you did! And if you're not satisfied your money will be refunded. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

ARE YOU SUFFERING MORE FROM WAR-TIME STRAIN THAN OTHER PEOPLE?

There are 3 Sleep Groups

1st SLEEP GROUP

The people who are best fortified to stand war strain belong to this Group. Their sleep is the kind that restores body, nerves and brain completely. They may spend only 5 or 6 hours in bed and yet are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. Theirs is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks gives.

2nd SLEEP GROUP

This Group is made up of people who seem to sleep well enough yet find it impossible to stand up to war worry and anxiety. They get tired easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. The reason is that excess acid waste products in the blood *activate* their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

3rd SLEEP GROUP

The people who are least able to stand war strain belong to this Group. They sleep badly—can't get to sleep, lie awake at night, or wake tired in the morning. Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 2, to an even greater degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

HOW are you taking the war? It's a fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy" and tired.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. We are all classified into 3 levels or groups of sleep.

Those in the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active all night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists searched for a food or drink that would neutralize those excess acid waste products. Horlicks alone proved completely successful. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. This nourishing, well-balanced food will neutralize the acid waste products that keep nerves and brain active during sleep, and thus guards against Night Starvation. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks bestows.

Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS

at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep

Be sure on the day of days that you never have a shiny nose

The most thrilling day of your life . . . the day when you want to look your most glamorous . . . that's when you *must* use Snowfire Powder Cream to make sure that shiny nose won't spoil your charm. No matter how hot and excited you get, your skin will keep an enchanting 'matt' bloom for hours on end. Snowfire Powder Cream is powder and cream in one —fragrant, quick to put on and so economical. Use it to give your hands and arms a velvety finish too. Five perfect skin tones—Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Ivory.

Jars 6d. & 1/3
Tubes 6d.
Handbag Containers 3d.

SNOWFIRE
Powder Cream
Stays on five times longer.

Restrictions Blackouts

YOU MUSTN'T LET WARTIME GET YOU DOWN

Rationing Worries

Almost every woman is in real need just now of a wartime pick-me-up, something to safeguard her health and nerves and give her extra resistance to cope with wartime's worries and problems. It is dangerous to get into an overtired and overstrained condition. Start to fortify yourself *now* with Wincarnis, the stimulating, restoring Tonic Wine. There's no waiting with Wincarnis. One sip and you think — Ah, that's good, that's cheering! One glass and you set about your job or work with new heart and will. For Wincarnis pours iron, rich beef and malt extracts and two kinds of vitamins into your system—starts building up your stamina right away. *Wincarnis*, THE QUICK ACTION TONIC, *is backed by over 26,000 medical recommendations.*

"I am glad to say I have quite recovered from my illness and am now perfectly well again. I took the Wincarnis as a final pick-me-up."
H.E.B., LIVERPOOL

ARE YOU: TIRED. OVERWROUGHT, ANXIOUS?

Feel better, more cheerful
IN ONE MINUTE
after one glass of Wincarnis

Health is priceless

WINCARNIS

Costs only 6/6 & 3/9

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

A grand pipeful

You can afford to be generous to yourself with 'Digger' in your pipe. This fine Empire tobacco gives you a full, rich satisfying smoke and an ounce still shows you change out of a shilling.

PLAYER'S 11D AN OZ

DIGGER TOBACCOS

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEY-DEW

P.D.77

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, CLOISTER HERBAL TEA is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1s.

Continued from page 26

Boys Create a Spy Ring

NEXT WEEK : Appointed master spy overnight, a young artillery officer creates the most amazing organisation in the history of espionage — "The White Lady Regiment"

speed at which he worked from the fact that three weeks after first arriving in England he was back again in Folkestone with all phases of his mission successfully accomplished.

Major Monthaye was so pleased that he immediately enrolled the boy as "Agent Leon 143," and set him a task that had proved insurmountable for many of his finest agents.

He ordered "Leon 143" back to Belgium to establish train-watching posts at Pinte, Deynze, Audenarde, Inglemuster, Courtrai, Mouscron and Tourcoing as well as a number of other strategic points.

By establishing posts on every strategic line, Headquarters was able to trace the daily movements of all German troops.

"Leon 143" was ordered to cover almost three-quarters of the entire Franco-Belgian front. The lines connected with Ypres and Poperinghe on the west, and continued through Tourcoing, Lille, Roubaix, Tournai, and eventually to Mons.

THE size of the assignment can be gauged from the fact that for each post "Leon 143" had to find a house overlooking the railway line concerned in which the entire household was prepared to co-operate in an efficient twenty-four-hour service.

He had to establish a chain of couriers from Deurne, Menin, St. Laurent and Courtrai for the clearance of reports of all Allied spies in the area.

He was also to report on troop concentrations and all other matters of military importance along the entire Lille sector.

A man-sized job for a boy of eighteen!

"Leon 143" hurriedly called his old playmates together in Lille, informed them that he had been commissioned to formulate a chain of spies, and solemnly enrolled them in his organisation.

Lucien G., one of his agents, had actually reached the ripe old age of fourteen.

Instructing them in what they were to do, he parcelled out the work among them.

Then, leaving Raymond Derain in charge of the Lille organisation, he hurried off to Deynze to mount his first train-watching post.

He became friendly with various youths in Deynze until he succeeded in finding an intelligent lad who fell for the idea of becoming a spy. Then he left it to the boy to persuade his father to establish the desired post.

That was "Leon 143's" invariable procedure.

It proved so successful that within a month he had succeeded in establishing thirteen train-watching posts at important strategic points.

The moment he succeeded in mounting a post, he immediately organised a special chain of couriers to carry the subsequent reports to the border.

He flatly prohibited members of one post from knowing members of another.

When courier "A" had a batch of reports for courier "B" he would leave it at a prearranged place and rig up a set signal. Courier "B" would see the signal, collect the reports and go his way.

The arrest of any member of the organisation did not mean the break-down of the entire chain. No one man could possibly give his fellows away, and the most the Germans could arrest at any one time was the household where a post had been established.

"Leon 143" showed more sense than the two War Office officials who, to prove their own honesty in handling service funds, made Leon get receipts from all his agents when he paid them.

The discovery of these receipts at a later date enabled the Germans to arrest every agent established by "Leon 143" in the Lille sector.

His method of organising each train-watching post separately, and breaking off all contact with it the moment it was functioning smoothly, prevented the Germans from discovering any of the posts when cleaning up the Lille sector.

While mounting the posts, Leon was constantly shuttling backwards and forwards to Lille overseeing the work of Raymond's boy spies.

Twice a week he found time to make the return trip across Belgium to Flushing to hand over reports and get his spies' wages That meant travelling 280 miles a week through occupied territory, past hundreds of sentries and Secret Police patrols.

During the time he operated, "Leon 143" forwarded a complete report of everything of military importance occurring in the Lille sector.

The crash came on October 1, 1915.

One of Leon's youngest spies penetrated too close to a gun-emplacement and was arrested.

Using their own peculiar methods, the Germans soon learned all there was to know about Leon's Lille organisation.

Hearing from Raymond's sister that most of the others had been arrested, Leon and Raymond tried in vain to reach the border.

"Leon 143" was carrying important reports, and at his trial the prosecutor said he had complete plans of all German trenches in the Lille area; thirty-three photographs of trenches; seven photographs of gun-emplacements; accurate plans of the four aviation fields and munition depots; written reports of every one of his spies in the Lille area for the week, and the written receipts for wages paid.

The boys managed to get as far as the high-voltage wire fence at the Dutch border, but as they were digging underneath they were arrested by the sentries.

Leon made a desperate attempt to save his reports by throwing them over the wire into Holland, but a sentry calmly crossed over and recovered them.

Leon Trulin was executed. The others were sentenced to hard labour for life.

VISITORS to Lille may see a marble plate on the wall of a tiny, grey house, in the Rue Aux Gades. It reads:

IN THIS HOUSE WAS BORN, JUNE 2, 1897, LEON TRULIN, SHOT BY THE GERMANS AT LILLE, NOVEMBER 8, 1915, FOR SERVICES RENDERED TO HIS COUNTRY. THOSE WHO PASS BY, REMEMBER THIS HERO.

There is no doubt that the Germans have remembered.

That is why they insist that only German families shall live in houses overlooking the railway lines in Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Last Chance!

So unprecedented is the demand for JOHN BULL's invaluable privilege, *Practical Gardening and Food Production in Pictures*, that this offer must now be withdrawn. The Final Reservation Forms on page 2 must be used at once.

It is not surprising that this entirely new book—the only work of its kind in the world—has been quickly snapped up.

It is packed with thousands of money-saving secrets, hints and "wrinkles" on hundreds of essential subjects.

Turn to page 2 and post the Final Reservation Forms before it is too late. You need this book NOW.

Lime Up the Crops

By Richard Sudell

Many gardeners have been asking why lime should be so important to garden crops, since it has been announced that this chemical can be obtained by allotment-holders at half-price.

SINCE the days of Ancient Rome, lime has been used by gardeners to increase soil fertility. It is the golden key that unlocks Nature's storehouse in the soil.

Lime has the effect of releasing certain chemicals, such as potash, locked in the form of insoluble compounds in the soil, and making them available as plant food.

Lime releases the potash in clay.

It promotes the decomposition of organic manure of all kinds in the soil, and enables useful bacteria to work more successfully in the formation of nitrates.

It breaks down clay soil, making a fine crumb for the seed bed. For many reasons it is among the most valuable materials that can be applied to the soil.

The best type of lime is air-slaked builder's lime.

This freshly burnt lime from the kilns can be placed in little heaps in the garden to "fall" into a powder. Then it can easily be spread over the land.

Two to four ounces a square yard is sufficient, and it is easy to calculate how much is required for a garden. A ten-rod plot of 300 square yards would take approximately 75 lb.

Lime is easily lost in continuous rains, and for this reason should be applied to the surface soil after digging.

Make up a small hot-bed, either under a cloche or in a cold frame, and sow a few seeds of cabbages, lettuces and early cauliflowers.

When these are large enough to handle, prick the seedlings out again under the protection of a frame, and in a few weeks you will have a useful supply of seedlings ready to set out in the open, where they will mature.

It is important to ask for early maturing varieties.

BECAUSE of recent frosts, there is a dearth of all kinds of salad and green crops, and these quick-maturing kinds will soon be ready for the table.

It is best to use a little quick-acting fertiliser or well-decayed manure under the seed bed and under the rows where the seedlings are set out.

A fertiliser that is released for the first time this year for the amateur is nitro-chalk.

It is among the most beneficial and quick-acting nitrogenous fertilisers, and is easily applied by dusting along the rows before hoeing during showery weather.

"Will you kindly keep out of my bathroom!"

HE: "Certainly not, darling. It's mine as well as yours, isn't it, even if you are washing undies in the basin. Ah, now I see why you kept me out—using expensive soap flakes again!"

SHE: *"Don't get temperamental, Michael. These are* Sylvan *Flakes. Just look at this whacking big packet. Sylvan Flakes cost practically half as much as the expensive kind."*

HE: "That's a mercy. But what about your hands? Soda isn't going to do them any good."

SHE: *"Don't be dense, Michael. If there was one trace of soda in Sylvan Flakes I wouldn't touch them with a barge pole. It's just* because *Sylvan Flakes contain no soda that they're so safe for silks and woollies."*

HE: "And they don't make clothes smell sort of fusty afterwards?"

SHE: *"Go and smell the woollies in the linen cupboard for yourself. They're as sweet as new-mown hay. Any other objections?"*

HE: "Yes, darling. Why has it taken you five long years to find out about Sylvan Flakes?"

GENTLEWOMEN OF THE JURY

SOME men will believe anything, but a woman demands proof. Your own eyes will tell you that a packet of Sylvan Flakes is nearly twice as big as the expensive kind. The first wash will convince you that Sylvan Flakes are 100% safe for your precious silks and fluffy woollies. There is not a trace of soda in Sylvan Flakes to harm your hands. Buy a big economy packet today and prove these things for yourself.

SYLVAN FLAKES

USE SYLVAN AND SAVE

Get the Giant Pack 1/-. Other economy sizes 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

It's brighter indoors-

when Furniture and Floors

are polished with

MANSION POLISH

Antiseptic wax

Tins 3d., 6d., and larger sizes.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. MP/MJ/3

IF YOU'VE A BABY

GOOD RESOLUTION OF ENTHUSIASTIC MOTHER

Good resolutions are not made only at the beginning of a year. Wise mothers are making them all the time.

Amongst our treasured correspondence is one which shows this very clearly. It says: "Peter owes a lot of his happy disposition and sturdy health to Steedman's Powders, which will continue to be his only aperient right through childhood."

Peter's mother wrote for a copy of our famous little red book, "Hints to Mothers" quite soon after he was born.

Dealing so practically with all the little baby ailments—it has been an invaluable guide to her, while the gentle, safe powders have kept his bowels regular and his blood cool, so that he has been a happy, bonny baby from the first.

Steedman's Powders are obtainable everywhere at three halfpence for a single powder. The double EE is stamped on every packet for your protection.

Why not start right and keep right by sending a postcard TO-DAY for your copy of "Hints to Mothers"? If you mention "John Bull" it is free and post free, from JOHN STEEDMAN AND CO., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

ECZEMA— SKIN RASH—

READ THIS

NURSE'S TESTIMONY to

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

Nurse K.D., C.M.B., Ealing, writes: "I have put D.D.D. Prescription to severe tests. One was the case of a girl with a horrid sore scalp. I applied D.D.D. Prescription and to-day I had the satisfaction of seeing scales and sores almost gone. The second was the case of a woman with eczema all over her face. After the third day it was scarcely visible. For myself, I have applied it to my own face, which is suffering at the moment with a somewhat unsightly rash which irritates frightfully. The D.D.D. Prescription has taken away the inflamed appearance of the rash, cooled the skin and allayed irritation; its general effect being most soothing."

D.D.D. Brand Prescription can safely be recommended to give instant relief and quickly overcomes eczema, psoriasis, dermatitis, ulcers, boils and unsightly sores. Splendid, too, for Dandruff. Sold by Chemists everywhere, price 1/3 a bottle.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE A generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will be sent to all who forward name and address to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N. 9), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

Compare the price!

Compare the size!

Compare the quality!

Ask for

ARMY CLUB

THE FRONT-LINE CIGARETTE

20 for 1/0½d

Prices in 'Nasfi' canteens with the B.E.F. 10 for frs.1.90—20 for frs.3.75

HUMANIST *says: These forgotten heroes fill me with admiration. Laughing at life's grim jests,*

"They Deserve the V.C."

The wise man, who is given half a chance, will enjoy the autumn of life as he enjoyed no other season. He won't be idle, he won't be bored in retirement

EVERY week I am impressed by the cheerfulness and the optimism of those who seem to have no reason to find life worth while. Their letters are full of the most inspiring wisdom, yet you could not blame any of them if he threw in his hand in despair.

Other persons, who seem to have everything they need, write letters that simply drip with self-pity. They moan about the futility of existence; they don't seem to realise that life loses its salt savour if you do nothing to earn your keep.

Happiness can be found only when you are busy looking for something else.

I must quote a few letters to prove this.

The first, from a man of twenty-six, filled me with admiration for human endurance.

"Six years ago," he writes, "I went into a hospital and lay for nine days with 35 radium needles penetrating my right jaw. There followed seven weeks of misery. Then I had a further dose of 25 needles for another seven days.

"After 16 weeks in hospital it was decided to remove the lower right jawbone, and I now have only half a face. But I am glad to be alive.

"SOMETIMES I read of people committing suicide for what seem to be trivial reasons. If only they could talk to me for just two minutes, I would make most of them change their minds!

"I must wear an elastic plastic bandage for the rest of my life, but I never give up hope. Recently I was told that probably I had only two more years to live, but that did not deter me from getting the spice out of life.

"And I have been hounding every employer in town for a job.

"I want to be doing something of national importance.

"I shall go on trying.

"My one wish is to live to see Britain victorious."

These are only extracts from a long letter, but they show the fine spirit of the young man.

He reminds us that in spite of all his misfortunes Job kept his faith; Solomon with all his riches felt that "all is vanity."

Another extraordinary story of misfortunes, coming from a man of forty-six, is so long that I must give only the bare outlines.

He was wounded five times in the last war and discharged.

Instead of returning to his former work, he found a job in pantomime and had a successful tour. From this he went into concert parties. Then he fell in love and married.

His wife became involved in a fast set and soon spent all his money. Later they were divorced.

"Free at last," he says, "I walked from Newcastle to London and slept on the Embankment for three weeks. Then I learned that a friend was up north with his show. I walked from London to Dumbarton to join him."

He fell in love again, furnished a home and published the banns. But the girl changed her mind.

"I had innumerable jobs—clerk, gardener, salesman, landscape architect, chemical storekeeper, railway booking clerk, canvasser and secretary," he adds, describing how he tried in vain for eleven years to win that girl.

She finally left him for a man with a big business. . . .

He then found work in a factory in the south, but he had an accident and was paid off. Nearly a year ago he was given the job he still holds, and six months ago he met another girl.

"She moved into my house," he says, "and I gave up my front bedroom for her, taking the small back bedroom for myself until after we were married.

"Three days before the expiration of the 'calling time' she changed her mind and refused to go through with the ceremony."

He still sees her occasionally, but he is living alone and doing everything for himself. He is now convinced that bad luck will follow him to the end. He calls himself an "orphan of the storm."

He has had so many experiences, so many disillusions that he wants a home in which he can settle down to domestic comfort.

YET he seems doomed to disappointment.

Three love affairs have ended in a bachelor existence with two dogs and a cat for company.

Here is yet another instance of superhuman courage. It is a sad story, told by a friend, of a heroine who cannot walk and cannot speak. Her hands, arms and legs are useless.

"Her feet serve as hands," says her friend.

"She can knit with them, feed herself, and use the typewriter. She typewrites all her letters and she has friends all over the world with whom she corresponds.

"She is not helpless because her wonderful courage has made her overcome all difficulties. She is able to look after herself to a large extent.

"She has a wonderful steadfast faith in God's goodness."

The problem is finding a home to which this girl can go now her mother is dead.

I am amazed at her resourcefulness. The thought of her trouble makes many others seem insignificant.

It makes me feel ashamed to recall the small difficulties that I have magnified into overwhelming miseries.

Such examples as these make you realise how silly it is to worry yourself sick about some problem that turns out to be trifling after all.

Think of the man with half a face eagerly looking for work!

Of the young woman, deprived of arms and speech, yet refusing to rail against Fate!

And now let us consider the problem of the middle-aged man, still full of vigour and the ability to enjoy life, yet wondering whether he should retire to enjoy his old age by doing just what he likes.

"I am nearing the age of three score and ten and ought to have retired from business ten years ago," he says. "There was no reason why I did not do so, but I hung on, year after year, partly because I have been afraid of compulsory idleness which is so depressing, and partly because I have known so many men die soon after they stop working.

"I THINK this was the real reason for my keeping at work. It would have been fairer if I had stepped aside and allowed younger men to take my place. I ought not to have stood in their way.

"If only I could have been sure of living on happily and contentedly to a ripe old age!

"My father lived to be nearly ninety. I feel fit and well. I don't want to stop work and then die as so many do.

"I have not yet retired, although I have had enough hints from the family. I just can't face it."

I certainly think he ought to retire. He has had a long innings and ought to be willing to make way for others.

The American business man works hard, makes his money, and is ready to retire any time after forty-five. While he is in the full possession of all his faculties, he can proceed to enjoy the years that are left.

By hanging on an extra twelve months, a man may lose five years of life.

Unfortunately so many men have no interests outside business. They have no resources on which to draw in old age.

Active sports are out of the question, but there are other pleasures, travel, reading, walking, politics, fishing, games, intelligent conversation, drama, debate, music, and many more.

A man cannot start these things suddenly.

He should begin during the years before his retirement, and as his outside interests deepen he can gradually "ease off." He will find himself looking forward to the time when he can devote all his time to them.

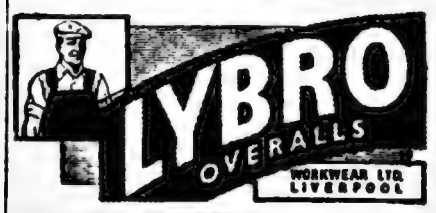
He won't be idle. He won't be bored. But he will enjoy the autumn of life as he enjoyed no other season.

"Humanist" devotes this page each week to solving human problems. And he invites you to seek his advice when you are perplexed. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. He pays a guinea for each letter quoted.

Britain makes her biggest effort — new industries leap into action — millions of workers forge the sinews of war!

LYBRO RUSH TO MEET THE NEEDS OF BUSY BRITAIN!

Overalls—and still more overalls are needed now, and Lybro are rushing to meet the demand! There is no need to accept a substitute. Genuine Lybro overalls are available. But please order early—just in case your stockist has to wait a day or two for new supplies.



FOR EVERY KIND OF SKIN TROUBLE, USE D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

A Generous free trial bottle is offered in the announcement on page 29. Apply for this to-day!

HAVE YOU A FRIEND WHO SUFFERS FROM ASTHMA?

If you have—and perhaps you know several—the greatest service you can do them is to pass on the good news contained in this announcement. They will never cease to thank you, so cut out this paragraph now.

The simple advice you should give your asthmatic friends is to spend just one shilling on a packet of Do-Do (Brand) Asthma Tablets. These marvellous tablets frequently succeed where all else has failed. A single Do-Do Tablet will cut short a choking paroxysm, frustrate an impending attack, keep you free all day, and ensure a calm and peaceful night's rest. ONE Do-Do Tablet will do all this because it is virtually solid medicine; every particle has soothing and healing value. No other remedy does so much, yet costs so little.

Do-Do Tablets have a special potency in the treatment of Asthma in all its many forms, but they are also of the utmost value in chronic cases of Bronchitis, Bronchial Catarrh, Night Coughing Fits, Chest Tightness, Wheeziness, Dyspnœa (Difficult Breathing), Emphysema (Air Distended Lungs)—in fact in all respiratory disorders in which coughing spasms and laboured breathing are symptoms.

Do-Do (Brand) Tablets are sold by Qualified Chemists everywhere: 1s. (7 full doses); 3s. (over 4 times the 1s. size); 10s. 6d. (17 times the 1s. size). Sole Manufacturers: International Laboratories, Ltd., 1–3, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8.

THE GHOST TRAIN GOES THROUGH

"THERE goes the Night Mail. Old Tom's fair belting her along tonight — must be making up time. Can't get used to seeing her go by with never a light showing — unless there's a soldier in the corridor puffing a fag. Lot of things I can't get used to in this war — what with the old woman evacuated — could do with one of the old woman's steak and kidney pies — haven't had a decent meal since she left. Playing Old Harry with my inside. And all these new regulations and working in this blackout, well — I dunno. I reckon it's time I went back on Kruschen."

HOW KRUSCHEN CAN HELP YOU

No man can do his work properly as long as he is suffering from constipation. Toxic poisons flood his bloodstream, clouding his brain, blotching his complexion, and keeping him in a continual state of irritable depression.

Constipation is caused by lack of moisture in the large bowel. You must induce this moisture to return. This is done by the action of certain mineral salts, six in number, *all of which are contained in Kruschen.* A daily pinch of Kruschen keeps the large bowel moist, normal and natural evacuation is resumed. Kruschen is diuretic, too, stimulating the kidneys in their work of eliminating toxic poisons from the bloodstream.

What joy and exhilaration you feel when your birthright of good health returns to you! You enjoy your work, people find it a pleasure to work with you, and you look fitter than you've done for years. Enough Kruschen to cover a sixpence first thing every morning makes life once more worth living. At all Chemists, price 1/9 — other sizes 6d. and 1/-.

"Go back to Kruschen for the duration"

HOW TO END PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be *really* cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually die down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.9, New Court, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

VALOR

meets a National need

The war transformed VALOR Heaters into something more than the well-known popular form of portable heat. They became a necessity with the advent of evacuees, militia huts and requisitioned premises. VALOR HEATERS filled that urgent need to Public and Government alike.

With Dealers' demands greatly increased, large stocks were quickly exhausted and although the VALOR factory is one of the largest in the world producing thousands of Oil Heaters, it was inevitable that demands would temporarily exceed the supply.

Manufacture has been arranged to produce the largest possible output.

You may have had to wait a little while for your VALOR but the output is being fairly distributed.

In asking your indulgence for any delays the VALOR COMPANY thanks you for the confidence you have shown in VALOR HEATERS.

I'm sending him a 5/- parcel of

Ardath

STRAIGHT CUT

DUTY FREE to B.E.F. in France and H.M. Navy (Seagoing Ships in Commission)

250 for 5/-

INCLUDING POSTAGE AND PACKING

Place your order with your usual Tobacconist, or write for full list of brands of cigarettes and tobacco available, together with Duty Free Prices, to the *House of* **STATE EXPRESS** 210, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 where orders enclosing remittance may also be sent.

PRICE IN ENGLAND 6D for 10

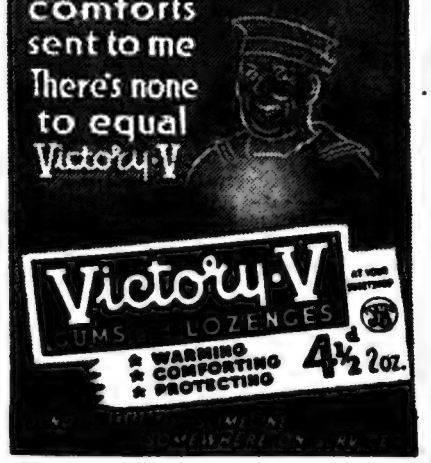
The Navy's favourite Cigarette now available to smokers at Home!

LOOK INTO THE "JOHN BULL SHOP WINDOW" —see page 5

To relieve skin irritations

The instant Cuticura brand Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stop. Its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clean healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unbeatable.

Cuticura OINTMENT



PROMINENT AMONG A. W. HELLIWELL'S "GIANTS OF THE RING" IS GENTLEMAN JIMMY BRITT, WHOSE LAST FIGHT WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED FOR ITS DRAMATIC SEQUEL

"Those compact little fists, working like twin-trip hammers, helped Jimmy to slug his way to the lightweight throne"

Gangs Plunder Fight Fans

WHEN James Edward Britt unlaced his gloves and boxing boots for the last time, fight fans mourned the loss of a man whose epic fights were already legendary.

No man less resembling a pugilist has ever stepped into the ranks of the champions.

This dapper, soft-spoken Californian, with his gentle manners and air of seraphic innocence, dressed like a dude, had the features of a choir-boy—and fought like a fiend.

That was Jimmy Britt.

He was sixty when he died recently in San Francisco, and more than thirty years have rolled by since he came to England to meet Johnny Summers. Yet Gentleman Jimmy's name is bound to crop up when the talk turns to epic fights and giants of the past.

He shone in the days of such mighty lightweights as Battling Nelson, the amazing Dane whose iron jaw earned him a fortune, Joe Gans, the negro, Packy McFarland, and Frank Erne.

Jimmy Britt looked so quiet you would have said that he could not say "Boo" to a goose.

But that slim frame in its immaculate suit had a steel-like strength.

Behind those innocent features there developed a shrewd fighting brain, and under the smooth white skin the muscles hardened and toughened.

He never lost the misleading air of mildness that made the bullies of his childhood days pick upon him. And boxing did not leave its stamp upon him.

WHEN he came to England in 1908 there was not a single scar to indicate that he had fought such terrific hitters as Nelson, Gans, Jabez White, Kid Lavigne and Frank Erne.

Britt claimed the lightweight title when the reigning king, Joe Gans, would no longer make the weight in 1902, and, to remove any doubt that he was the rightful owner, he whipped Frank Erne after seven terrible rounds.

Gentleman Jimmy defended his crown six times in the next three years, eventually losing it to Bat Nelson, whom he had previously beaten over twenty rounds.

Their second battle, for which "Sunshine" Jimmy Coffroth built a £2,000 stadium at Colma, California (afterwards tearing it down and selling it for old lumber), was one of the most thrilling in the history of the ring.

Among the toughest men ever to lace on a glove, Nelson always maintained that dapper little Jimmy gave him his hardest and most gruelling fight that day.

They had a long, fierce argument over the referee. Nelson wanted Eddie Graney to handle the fight, but Jimmy would not agree. The dispute was still unsettled when the Californian went into the ring.

He sat in his corner patiently awaiting his opponent, but Nelson was sleeping peacefully in a cottage he had rented some distance away.

"Call me when Jimmy gives in," he said coolly as he laid his head on the pillow. There he lay snoring until Britt, sweltering under the glare of the Californian sun, let him have his way.

For sixteen rounds Jimmy, who had more boxing skill in his little finger than Nelson possessed in all his granite-like body, danced rings round the Danish slugger.

HE could not punch hard enough to worry Nelson, who was so tough that blows that would have knocked heavyweights unconscious only made him blink.

Britt kept avoiding Nelson's bull-like rushes with the grace of a ballet dancer, jabbing and hooking him much as he pleased.

The fight was scheduled for forty-five rounds, and there was no reason why Jimmy should not have continued these wise tactics until the end.

But in the seventeenth, stung by a hard left from Nelson, he lowered his head and went in after him.

As he felt Jimmy's gloves hammering against his ribs the Dane smiled. This was the fighting he understood. Scorning defence, he matched the champion blow for blow.

Nelson was a murderous in-fighter and as the thud of his fists grew faster Jimmy's knees sagged.

By the eighteenth round Nelson had made him groggy, and he finished him off with a short half-scissors hook to the liver, a favourite punch he employed many times with deadly effect.

It knocked all the fight out of Jimmy. He threw his gloved hands high and crashed to the canvas as though he had been pole-axed.

Two years later Jimmy again outpointed Nelson over twenty rounds.

In the following year he visited England.

Time was now catching up on him.

Just previously Packy McFarland had knocked him out, and he came here with the idea of studying for the law.

But the old urge still remained. And a few months later he ducked under the ropes to fight Johnny Summers in Whitechapel's Wonderland.

The decision, which went to dapper Jimmy, was hotly disputed, and the two were rematched at the National Sporting Club, where this time the Englishman was given the verdict.

So they came to their third clash. Gentleman Jimmy's last fight, on the old West Ham football pitch at Canning Town, London.

Britt made a champion's exit, fighting to the last in face of the tigerish fury of the Yorkshire lad's attack.

This time there was no mistake.

By the ninth round the Californian was punched to a standstill. He struggled gamely to shake off the effects of the last smashing right that put him down, but he could not beat the count.

That fight will always be remembered. As soon as the decision was announced an army of toughs and thugs launched a mass attack on the ringside crowds.

It was the most audacious daylight robbery.

The "boys" laid people out right and left with knuckle-dusters and coshes, robbing them of wallets, watches, race-glasses and rings, even chasing them out of the arena into the streets and standing them on their heads to make sure their pockets were emptied.

The few police officers on duty were helpless. Anyone who resisted was slugged into unconsciousness.

Former boxing champions and several crack jockeys were among the victims.

Little Danny Maher came to the fight with several hundred pounds in bank-notes, but he handed the money to the referee and asked him to mind it.

The official stuffed the wad inside his shirt and he escaped the attentions of the "boys"!

Mystery Solution

See page 24

IT was obvious to Captain Connolly that the landlady must have known more about the shooting than she could have seen from the doorway. She said the lieutenant had been shot through the heart, yet the investigators had to turn the body over before they saw the wound.

It was later revealed that Mrs. White had been jealous of the lieutenant's association with another woman.

BACKACHE

Urinary Disorders
Rheumatic Pains
are common signs of

"Every picture tells a story"

Weak Kidneys

STRONG, healthy kidney action is vitally important to all during these anxious days. Work becomes hard if the kidney filters are weak or congested and fail to relieve the blood of surplus water and harmful wastes.

Don't neglect the warning symptoms! Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills! This up-to-date kidney medicine strengthens, invigorates and flushes out the kidneys so that they effectively purify your blood and give you permanent relief from pain. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from backache, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, getting up at nights, swollen ankles and limbs, dizzy attacks, lumbago and other kidney ailments.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS
Backache Kidney Pills

Child's Cough -Doctor's Remedy

"WHAT *can* I give the child to stop that continual, hacking cough? It's nothing but cough, cough, cough all day long, and half the night, too!"

Well, mother, there *is* one safe, sure remedy—'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup, the remedy which is being prescribed every day by doctors, nurses and clinics. Here's what Dr. A. F., the Physician in charge of a large London clinic writes: "I feel I must write regarding the continued good results I am getting with 'Pineate.' Hardly a day goes by without my recommending it for some child."

'Pineate' is the unique *triple-action* cough remedy. It kills germs, loosens phlegm, and soothes and heals all inflammation. And the honey makes it just delicious to take. One dose will stop the nastiest spasm of coughing almost in an instant. Get a 1/6d. bottle from the chemist to-day. Remember, too, 'Pineate' is wonderfully economical—only *half a teaspoonful* to a dose.

'Pineate'
Brand Regd.
HONEY COUGH-SYRUP

Joints Rusted With RHEUMATISM

For 15 Years.

Pain so terrible that she could not lift a hand to her head, and had to have assistance even to hobble across the floor. This poor lady's spirit must have been well-nigh broken by the burden of her suffering. She must have doubted if she would ever again be free from pain. But thanks to that marvellous remedy, Holloways Pills, she is better. Read what her son writes:—"Mother suffered from Rheumatism for fifteen years. Her arms and wrists were very much swollen. She could not straighten them, nor put either hand to her head. They were as if they were rusted. Her legs also were swollen, and only with assistance could she hobble across the floor. Now, thanks to Holloways Pills, she has made wonderful progress. The other day she spent five hours out of doors—walking about by herself!"

NEURALGIA

Nearly Drove Him Mad.

Neuralgia!—like red hot wires pressing on raw nerves—constantly nagging, spoiler of his days and robber of his sleep. No wonder this man writes that his neuralgia nearly drove him mad. But that was not his real purpose in writing—no, it was to say that now, thanks to Holloways Pills, he is "perfectly happy" and free from his agony. Read what he says: "I suffered for a long time with Neuralgia and Headaches. At times it almost drove me mad. I tried nearly everything to relieve it, but without success. But one day, having tried your Holloways Pills, I soon found great relief. I am very pleased I took them, for I am now happy."

No one whose health is poor can afford to ignore such wonderful examples. If you suffer from Anaemia, Biliousness, Constipation, Debility, Headaches, Indigestion, Liver or Kidney Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Nerviness, Rheumatism or Sleeplessness—you should not hesitate to seek the grand health which comes from taking Holloways Brand Pills. Obtainable everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 3.- and 5/- per box.

MEN OF COOL COURAGE

. . FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

In a world of surprises Bondman never changes. Tin after tin contains the same even textured, slow burning tobacco; puff after puff is clean, satisfying and *cool* from start to finish.

LLOYDS'

Bondman

TOBACCO

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/2½d per oz. Vacuum Tins

ALSO 1/- PACKETS

EMPIRE BLEND .... 1/1 per oz. Vacuum Tins

11½

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road E.C.1

Why I use the new Poudre Tokalon

By PRINCESS ALA TROUBETZKOY

- ★ It is made in so many up-to-date flattering shades.
- ★ It is finer and lighter than any other powder I know.
- ★ I love its exquisite real flower perfume.
- ★ I find it stays on all day long. No other powder has this 'Mousse of Cream' secret.
- ★ It keeps my complexion fresh and lovely even in wind and rain.
- ★ I am sure I could not buy a *better* powder at any price.

PACKAGE FREE BAD NERVES CAUSE WEAK HEARTS.

If you have any indications of Nerve or Functional Heart Weakness such as Palpitation, Tobacco Heart, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Fainting, Fullness in the Throat, Anaemia, Pains around the Heart or under the left shoulder, allow us to send you a Free supply of "Oxien" Brand TABLETS and testimonials from people who have been cured.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., LTD. (Dept. 222 W.A.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

OXIEN TABLETS

COLDS CHILLS 'FLU

FEVERISHNESS PAIN HEADACHES

RELIEF FOR 2D

Beechams Powders bring you smiling through winter's greatest menace! For 2d you can laugh at chills, stop a cold, shake off shivers and avert 'flu before it gets a hold! Pains and aches need not worry you either. For 2d brings you relief from Rheumatic twinges, Headaches, Sciatica or Lumbago attacks! Just take a *Beechams Powder!* This amazing remedy is both **QUICKER ACTING** and **MORE CERTAIN** in **RESULTS**—more easily assimilated owing to its special powder form. Yet *Beechams Powders* cost only 2d each. Get *your* supply **TO-DAY!**

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS

Brand

For a big Engagement!

BRYLCREEM

your hair

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING
NO GUM . . . NO SOAP . . .
NO SPIRIT . . . NO STARCH

In handy Tubes, Bottles and Jars 1/-

Larger Bottles, 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., N. Circular Road, W. Twyford, N.W.10.

mmds 714-N

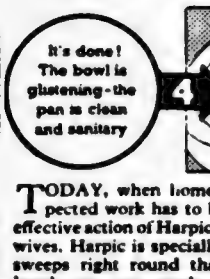
GOING BALD?

Each bottle of Pure Silvikrin contains enough organic hair-food to increase the growth of hair by 35%

Science combines in Silvikrin the 14 separate elements of human hair

A great bio-chemist isolated the 14 separate elements of human hair — and combined them in Silvikrin. Professor Polland says 'Scalp starvation causes 90% of baldness; I prescribe Silvikrin because it is the hair's natural food.' If the roots are alive (even though the hair has come out) Silvikrin will grow hair and banish dandruff.

Windmill Theatre, London, W.1. Dear Sirs,—My hair started coming out in handfuls; bald patches appeared. At last I tried Silvikrin. There was a big improvement with the very first bottle, and to-day I have a fine thick head of hair. (Sgd.) *V. J. Hall*

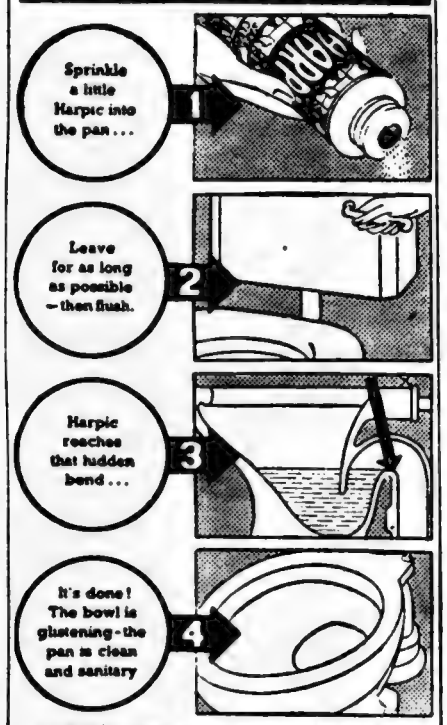


SILVIKRIN LOTION
For slight dandruff, hair beginning to fall, lank hair, weak hair—the perfect dressing that will restore the health and natural lustre of the hair. Price 1/6, 3/6, and 8/- per bottle.

PURE SILVIKRIN
For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches—threatening baldness. Grows new hair. Bottle 6/-, *sufficient for one month.*
From all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Silvikrin
DOES GROW HAIR
L-28-L

Quickest, simplest way to CLEAN THE LAVATORY


Sprinkle a little Harpic into the pan...
1
Leave for as long as possible — then flush.
2
Harpic reaches that hidden bend...
3
It's done! The bowl is glistening - the pan is clean and sanitary
4

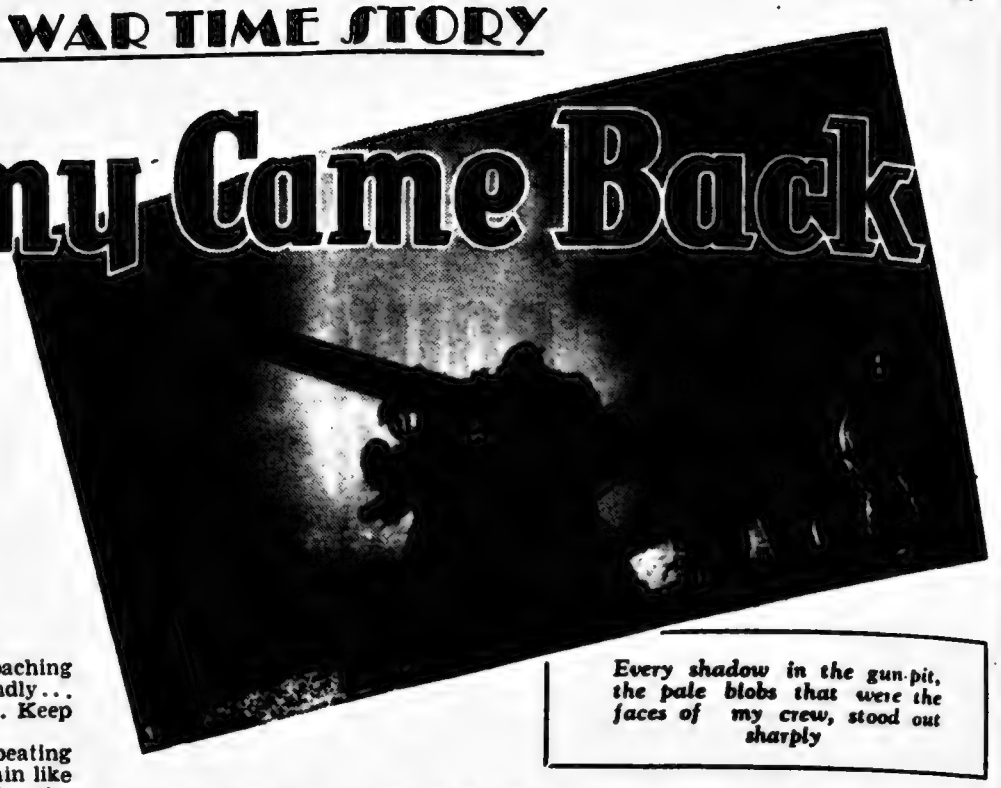
TODAY, when homes are crowded, and unexpected work has to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to housewives. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It sweeps right round that hidden bend where no brush can ever reach. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

READER'S WAR TIME STORY

Jimmy Came Back



Every shadow in the gun-pit, the pale blobs that were the faces of my crew, stood out sharply

THIS is a hard story to tell. Only an hour passed between the first alarm and the "All-clear," but in that hour so much—and yet so little—happened.

It was just two minutes after eleven that the telephone rang in our snug little hut, and set us racing for our gun-pit on the edge of the aerodrome.

"Unidentified aircraft approaching from North Sea.... Might be friendly... but is not answering signals.... Keep sharp look-out...."

One half of my brain was repeating the instructions over and over again like a chipped gramophone record; the other, still sluggish with sleep, was somehow driving me on across the snow-bound field and venting its resentment by cursing the weather.

What a night! Snow was still falling, but in fine, frozen slivers, whipped along by a gusty, knife-edge wind that set your ears drumming and filled your eyes with tears.

"Fancy trying to spot a plane in this stuff! What a hope we've got!" Joe, my corporal, who would try to start a conversation in a hurricane, screamed the words in my ear as we stumbled over the edge of the gun-pit.

We're pretty good friends, Joe and me, but I'm afraid I forgot it for a moment.

"Shut up!" I snarled. "Come on, get the tarpaulin off the gun."

The first knot I tried was frozen solid, and I broke my nails badly before I jerked it free. Then the wind got under the edge of the tarpaulin and lashed it about like a sheet of living ice.

But somehow we got it under control and stowed away, and then we crouched down at our stations by the gun.

After the few minutes' hectic tussle, my muscles felt numb with exhaustion, but I was wide awake, with that keen awareness that comes when one is startled from a deep sleep by some strange sixth sense of self-protection.

Every shadow in the gun-pit, the pale blobs that were the faces of my crew, stood out sharply. Every fresh cadence of the screaming wind rang clear in my ears.

I put this super-alertness down to reaction from the excitement of the alarm and the race to the gun-pit, and waited for it to fine down.

Instead, as the minutes passed, I grew, if anything, more alert and became possessed of a curious certainty that ..something... was ..going .. to .. happen.

I LOOKED at my watch. Ten minutes to midnight. And then the searchlights flashed out, stabbing through the whirl of wind-borne snow like silver swords feinting and thrusting in a giants' duel. I saw and heard it at that very moment.

Where two beams crossed at about 2,000 feet, there flickered for an instant the tiny shape of a storm-tossed plane. On a gust of wind came the faint drone of an engine.

I clutched Joe by the shoulder and dragged him to his feet. "There you are, Joe. Do you hear it? Do you see it?"

But only the snow scurried across the searchlight beams, and the wind was empty of all sound save its own.

Joe looked at me queerly. "You're seeing things," he shouted. "I was watching those two beams, too. They've spotted nothing, or they'd be following it round. But they've not moved an inch. And as for hearing an engine, all you're hearing, Sarge, is the wind in the trees at the back of us."

But I knew he was wrong, I knew it. I had seen a plane. I had heard the drone of its engine. Then I saw the plane again.

A beam, over on the right, swept down low — and there, with its tail towards us, a big mottled bomber was lurching, not twenty feet off the ground, landing against the wind. My ears were filled with the roar of its propeller.

I turned to Joe. "There you are," I shouted. "Seeing things, was I? Lucky it's one of ours, or we might have caught a packet. You want to have *your* eyes tested...."

It was Joe's face that silenced me. He wasn't looking just queerly at me. He was looking downright scared.

"Sarge," he said hoarsely, "you're going crazy.... There's nothing out there... not a plane anyway, and see, they've got the all-clear, they're putting the beams out...."

I was like a man coming out of a dream. I had seen that plane in the sky, fighting for its life. I had seen it land. I had heard its engine, as plainly as I hear the one they are tuning up in the hangar as I write.

"I'm going to take a look," I said.

But I got no further than the edge of the gun-pit. As they dimmed the last searchlight its pencil of light moved slowly across the flying field.

It was empty. Not a tyre mark, not a footprint marred the surface of the snow.

Joe touched my arm. "O.K. Sarge," he said. "The other boys didn't hear, and I won't say a word."

We tramped back to the hut in silence.

NEXT day I had a few hours' leave and went down to the village inn. The R.A.F. men were standing at the other end of the bar, but I couldn't help overhearing part of their conversation

"He was hours overdue," said a young lieutenant, "and we thought he must have gone down in the sea. Damned hard luck to crash just twenty miles from home.

"When they picked him up his wrist-watch showed two minutes to eleven—the exact time they sighted him and sounded the alarm. Lord knows what happened, but it was a brute of a night.

"Poor old Jimmy—and he always said he'd get home, even if he had to turn into a spook and fly himself..."

* * *

It may have been the snow against the searchlight beams. It may have been the wind in the trees. But I shall always like to think that what I saw out there in the gun-pit was "poor old Jimmy" coming home at last.

● Sergeant X will receive five guineas for this week's true war time story told to reader A. B. Scotson, of Chichester Street, London, S.W.1.

Have you had an exciting adventure since the war started? If so, put it into a thousand words and send it to "John Bull" with a stamped addressed envelope.

Race with "Silver Ring"

RACEHORSES are so fat these days through lack of work that you can't expect a fit mount to win the Lincolnshire Handicap. The victor on the Carholme next month will merely be a little less fat than his rivals.

It is for this reason that most backers fancy the chances of such hurdlers as Quartier-Maitre and Wonersh, who showed that they were in fair condition by their success over the "sticks" at Newbury.

Quartier-Maitre is likely to start favourite, and he is likely to win as long as the task doesn't prove too severe. He has little relish for a fight, but there is not likely to be a great demand on his courage.

I should think that Golden Sovereign would smother the Lincoln opposition, but it is doubtful whether Sir Abe Bailey's horse will be in such good trim as the hurdlers.

Veteran Tom Coulthwaite has been keeping Aldine up to the mark with some jumping practice, and the Hednesford trainer is hopeful that his charge will improve on the fourth place he occupied in last year's Lincoln. A. Richardson has been booked for the mount.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 7, to Wednesday, March 13.

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V

Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: O9893FQ9694M would read KNIGHTED. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. JSW949623 would read CARETTA.

Whooping Cough and Croup—

Mothers should know of the Instant Relief given by—

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

The distressing sight to parents of their children's suffering emphasises the urgent need for a remedy which will at once give instant relief and at the same time be absolutely free from harmful and dangerous drugs. Potter's Asthma Cure, the remedy with more than half-a-century's reputation, has a wonderfully soothing and calming influence in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup and other chest and lung troubles of children and adults. Cannot injure the health in any way. **The burning of Potter's Asthma Cure in the bedroom of all children suffering from the diseases just mentioned is strongly recommended.** It acts like a charm and prevents those paroxysms of coughing, enabling the patient to obtain restful sleep, which is so necessary. Thus the strength is kept up, exhaustion avoided and a complete restoration to health hastened. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or direct post free 1/9.

POST THIS COUPON

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
Please send me, post free, a copy of your valuable booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

Name.....

Address.....

John Bull

All outdoor workers who suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis, and are obliged by their occupation to be outdoors in all weathers, should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture. Always carry a supply with you and thus avoid future attacks. Obtainable everywhere.

DOGE CREAM

THE MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

With Its Most Glorious Perfume

Every girl who is doing National Service and will be in the open must protect her skin. The elements play havoc with anything so delicate as the skin of the face, and there is no cream that can keep the skin in such a perfect condition and so beautiful as DOGE.

However sallow or patchy the complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream. It does not dry up the skin, but keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams, remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, which is the most expensive oil one can use in a face cream, and does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin as smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe and has a beautiful perfume that lingers on the face until it is washed away.

IN TUBES 6D. & 9D.
IN POTS 1/- & 2/-
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

RESTORE BEAUTY WHILE YOU SLEEP

To take away wrinkles keep a layer of DOGE Cream under the eyes while you are resting, and smear lightly over the rest of the face. Every girl should look her best and keep fresh and well and her complexion beautiful while doing National Service. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect helpmate to Doge Cream.

ZEE-KOL (BRAND)

THE ONLY OINTMENT FOR A.R.P.

HEALS EVERY SKIN DISEASE—MANY IN A NIGHT

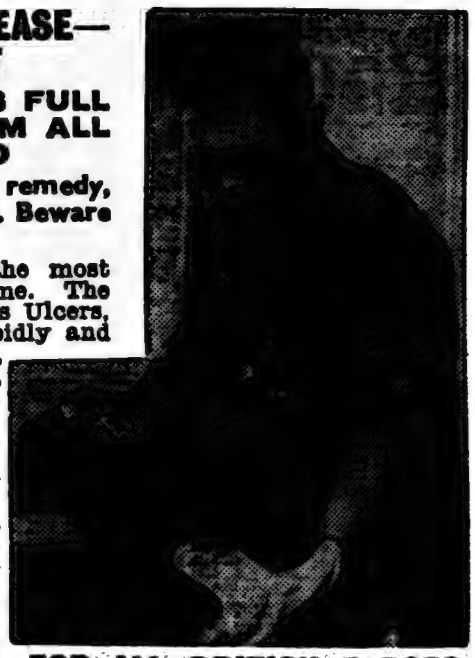
WE HAVE FOUR SACKS FULL OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

Many may promise a wonderful remedy, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin Healer of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Chilblains, Leg Trouble, Severe Burns, etc.

6d., 1/3 and 3/-

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
40, Blenheim Rd., London, N.19.



FOR ALL BRITISH FORCES.

ZEE-KOL is splendid when one is on the march. At any time, rub in between the toes and all round the feet. They will keep in perfect condition and your feet will not get tired. If there are any corns Zee-Kol will take them away. There is nothing in the world that can keep the feet in such splendid condition as Zee-Kol Ointment. Aches and pains vanish, and it is wonderful for stiff joints. Pimples and Eczema vanish in a night.

'Throat Comfort' FOR THE TROOPS

INCLUDE A TIN OF

Allenburys

GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT

PASTILLES

IN YOUR NEXT PARCEL!

FROM CHEMISTS

P.17

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 2/-

TO AVOID FLATULENCE

AND PAIN AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- & 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

THICK CATARRH

To drive out stubborn phlegm and stop hawking, sniffing and coughing, get the scientific Catarrh Remedy—"NOSTROLINE." Smear a little inside each nostril. Gently sniff it up. "NOSTROLINE" banishes clogging catarrh mucus in no time! Opens bunged-up breathing passages in 30 seconds! Kills germs. Reduces discharge. Soothes and heals inflammation. Ends Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness. "NOSTROLINE" all Chemists, 1/3.

NOSTROLINE

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.86, Bristol, 8.

Almost choking with STOMACH ACID

The depths of despair to which an excess of stomach acid can reduce a normally healthy person is vividly described in a letter received from Mrs. J. le Cras, of Guernsey. "For a week," she writes, "I was in agony. My chest seemed to be a huge lump of acid that would choke me at any moment. I was afraid to eat or lie down. I tried different remedies, but I was getting worse, and at last in despair I thought there was no cure. My son said why not try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and bought me a small bottle. After the first dose the relief was marvellous, and after taking the third dose I was completely cured."

Do you get those distressing attacks of Acid Indigestion which make you feel that your stomach is on fire, there's a knife in your throat? If you do, a dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder comes as "manna from heaven." It will amaze you how speedily this safe, sure remedy normalises acid and coaxes back appetite. But it *must* be MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on carton, bottle or tin. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. New 6d. tin (15 Tablets). Economy pocket tin (25 Tablets) 9d.

BROOKLAX
Regd. *Brand*

CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE
Banishes
CONSTIPATION
Overnight
It is British!
2d 6d 1/3
SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
BANISHES
FACIAL BLEMISHES

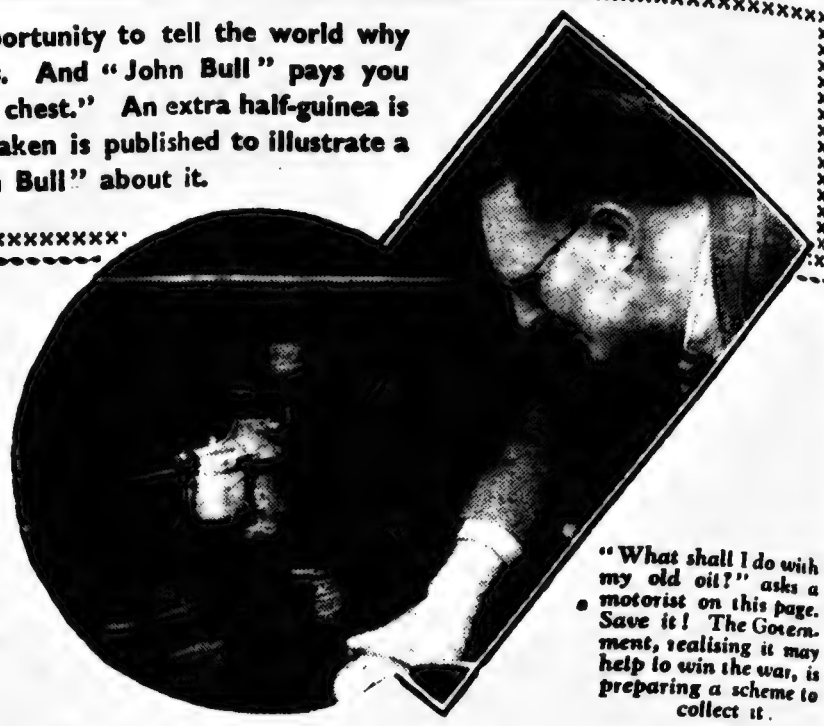
GERMOLENE QUICKLY HEALS
ECZEMA
BAD LEG
PIMPLES
BURNS
CHILBLAINS
CHAPS
ABSCESSES
ULCERS,
etc.

"Some 12 months ago I developed an irritating skin complaint on the face, and after three months I had to undergo treatment. Very soon afterwards the complaint started again and for months my face was never clear of blemishes. Two weeks ago I bought a small tin of *Germolene*. Now my face is quite free from blemishes. I think this is a splendid recommendation, and I suggest that all skin sufferers should try *Germolene* without delay.—L.H.K., Romford."
Germolene!—the magic skin healer which triumphs when all else fails. Soothes the throb—allays the "itch"—stops the spread and *heals without a trace!* Even painful ulcers yield to its great healing power.

Sold Everywhere 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin

FOR EMERGENCY USE ASK FOR
Germoplast
FIRST AID DRESSINGS
CONTAINING GERMOLENE MEDICATION
6D and 1/6 per tin from Chemists.

This is your page—your opportunity to tell the world why you don't like the look of things. And "John Bull" pays you 10s. 6d. for "getting it off your chest." An extra half-guinea is paid if a photograph you have taken is published to illustrate a letter. Write to "John Bull" about it.



"What shall I do with my old oil?" asks a motorist on this page. Save it! The Government, realising it may help to win the war, is preparing a scheme to collect it.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

MAY I add to JOHN BULL'S list of war time "Don'ts"?

Don't boast of any good fortune that may have been brought to you by war, especially to the relatives of serving men. It hurts.

A woman whose fiancé has landed a good job previously held by a man in the Forces said to me:

"Mind you, this war has done a lot of good. It is high time something of the sort happened to shuffle things round a bit."

Such boasting is dangerous. It will revive hatreds such as we knew last time, when children mobbed youngsters whose fathers had conscientious objections.

In the minds of relatives of men "doing their bit" it is likely to turn pride into bitterness.—Mrs. N. Rees, 17, Bryn Road, Neath, Glam.

"John Bull" ought to have put that high in the list of Don'ts. Doing well out of the war is nothing to shout about.

Got What He Wanted

AS a schoolboy, I am in a position to give the authorities a real win-the-war hint. Abolish all such school "impositions" as "lines" and spelling lists.

Think of the hundreds of lines, totalling millions of words, written as impositions by schoolboys at various schools throughout the country, using up gallons of ink and tons of valuable paper.

It seems wrong that our sailors should have to risk their lives bringing to this country good paper, which schoolboys and girls are *ordered* to destroy.—Master Malcolm Allan, Hengrove-lane, Hengrove, near Whitchurch, Somerset.

A headmaster comments: "As paper is costing nearly three times more than pre-war, and school canes are up by only 30 per cent., I think Master Allan has made out a good plea, on patriotic grounds, for more good hidings and fewer lines."

All for "John Bull"

THE Poole Branch of the British Legion Club, eager to economise, decided to dispense with the club's copy of JOHN BULL.

At the general meeting, a member wanted to know why we should be deprived of the paper that has done more for ex-Servicemen than any other.

When a show of hands was demanded, every right arm in that well-attended meeting was put up for JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL is back again, thank goodness.—Mr. L. Laister, Percy Street, Goole, Yorks.

Back again in good company.

Tragic Radio News

HOW cruel to broadcast such messages as: "The steamer Blank was mined in the North Sea yesterday and most of the crew saved."

Can you imagine the worry in hundreds of homes aroused by such a careless procedure?

No such announcement should be made before full particulars are available as to what men have been rescued.—F. J. Read, Vigo-lane, Barley Mow, Chester-le-Street.

No news of ships lost is issued until every family of men known to have been lost has been notified by telegram. This practice is followed by all three Services, although it is not in the national interest to withhold news until all doubts have been removed.

The Money-Maker

IN many local factories no worker is admitted unless he has brought a gas-mask.

A young lad, a budding millionaire, has hit on an idea for making a lot of money out of this.

He hangs about just before the factories are due to open with the attractive proposition for the forgetful:

"*Hire my gas-mask for the shift for sixpence.*"—Mrs. H. Willey, Bradford, Yorks.

Their Indiscretions

HUSH, Hush! If you know anything about movements of troops, don't even whisper. It is a vital secret.

If you tell an enemy spy, you will save him a walk to the local railway station, where he will see trains waiting labelled "Reserved for Troops," carriages bearing the destination, and all details as to time of leaving.

The time has come for the man-in-the-street to warn the authorities against "Indiscretions that might lose us the war."—James Smythe, Anvil Street, Carlisle Road, Bradford.

Amazing how much secret information a spy could obtain. By telephoning for it, posing as Major Somebody-or-Other—or a newspaper. JOHN BULL admires the caution of a War Office official who when asked by the 'phone for information (not for publication) answered: "I will call you back immediately with the news."

Patriots—All Colours

BRITAIN'S most patriotic district is surely Liverpool's Chinatown, the Pitt Street area of Liverpool.

You find black, brown, yellow and white people in its population. Many of the white are unemployed. Yet their reception of a local *Altmark* hero must have surpassed any other such celebrations.

Hundreds of residents of all colours, led by an 80-year-old woman, met him at the station. He was escorted with community singing to a home-district suitably decorated.

It was the same at the Jubilee and the Coronation. These humble streets become bowers of paper flowers. Even dustbins are given carnival coats of silver foil.—Miss C. P., Jubilee Avenue, Liverpool 14.

Reclaimed Land

THE Government is to finance the reclamation of waste land for the growing of food. This is all to the good, but who is to get the increased rents when these waste acres have become farming land?

Surely the country, and not a few individuals, should benefit.—E. Airey, 5, Newborough Avenue, Liverpool 15.

The Government will give a ploughing subsidy, but the work still costs the farmer far more than it costs the Government. An unwilling farmer's lands can be seized and worked, in which case he gets only a portion of the value of the crops. We know of no instance in which the State pays all and the landlord takes all. If we do, we'll act accordingly.

Laughing at Misery

TWENTY-FOUR fellow patients in a big sanatorium have asked me to write to you.

The other night, a broadcasting comedian coughed once or twice and observed that he had a cold. His "stooge" thereupon said, "Oh, no, you have galloping consumption."

The spectators laughed heartily.

T.B. patients listen a great deal. It does not help them to know that the B.B.C. considers their affliction humour, and that crowds can be found to laugh at it.—H. T., Nottingham.

Some years ago three comedians each broadcast in one day the "joke": "She was so cross-eyed that she ate the next man's dinner as well as her own." A reader protested in "Voice of the People," the B.B.C. saw the letter, and we received a note from the Corporation promising that unkind references to deformities would be barred.

Any Old Oil

EVERY now and then the oil in the engines of Britain's millions of privately owned motor vehicles has to be taken out and replaced.

I throw mine away.

Many millions of other motorists do the same. Yet surely it could be purified in some way and used in the national effort.

We don't want the few coppers it is worth.

We only want to know whether it will help us to win the war. If it will, what should we do with it?—S. A. Dobbin, Manor Drive North, New Malden, Surrey.

£5 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

OR LUMP SUM of £300 CASH

FINE "John Bull" X-WORD PENSION

£100 BETWEEN 1ST RUNNERS-UP

10,000 FREE SAVINGS STAMPS FOR CROSSWORDERS

To help your war-time saving, "John Bull" has secured 10,000 Official War Savings Stamps, to be distributed FREE amongst Crossword Prize-winners. Look out for YOUR first stamp with ANY prize won in this Contest.

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS - EACH PLUS WAR SAVINGS BONUS . . .

A COLOSSAL distribution of Free Savings Stamps commences with this Contest, as "John Bull" Crosswords swing into line with the nation's mighty Savings Campaign.

Get busy now on the Clues below. You have a splendid Life Pension First Prize of 25s. Weekly to aim at, supported by other prizes galore—and you will naturally want to be amongst the first 10,000 Crossworders to benefit by "John Bull's" big new Help-Win-the-War plan!

YOUR FREE PRIVILEGE. Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Cash & Radio Offer, provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 39.

ACROSS CLUES.

3. In wild storm ship may well find it difficult to make this
5. Is often made use of by designer of wireless sets
6. Cease to live
8. It will probably be hard to do this when one's really anxious
9. Describes the kind of chap one's employer's son may well be
12. Most people would object to child being given even a small one
13. Uproar in this may perhaps be in connection with treatment of prisoners
17. Young reporter must learn to do this with the speed required nowadays
20. Circle of light round head of saint
21. Ply-wood is easily this for making simple furniture
22. A cast-iron one may very well prove costly

DOWN CLUES.

1. Is sometimes quite a good way out to take when one is lost
2. It isn't easy to be bright and cheerful when yours is miserable
3. For running commentary on miner's work B.B.C. man will quite likely have to get this down below
4. It's not unusual to have valve in
7. Land surrounded by water
10. One is quite commonly recorded on film
11. Is employed for certain kinds of work in factories
14. If inexperienced pianist tunes his piano it will be this
15. One doesn't need a great deal of this for family's emergency food stock
16. Garbo wants to be this
18. May be connected with electricity
19. Schoolboys are apt to take it out of one who's this

SAVE MONEY
BY ACCEPTING FREE GIFT OFFER ON PAGE 39.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

Presented on this page is the 193rd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, March 28. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 193, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

2 Big Cheques Won in X-Word No. 190

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 190, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following two competitors:—

G. R. COLLINS, Rivelin House, Louth Road, Scarthoe, Grimsby.

E. R. PETERS, 40, Lambton Road, West Wimbledon, S.W.20.

These competitors share the First Prize of £350, and a cheque for £175 will be sent to each.

Awards of Surrey Fowls and Sausages will be despatched to the 39 Runners-up from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 274 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS. 1. SHOE. 2. SLAP. 4. FEW. 5. MOLE. 8. JAIL. 13. BAT. 15. DASH. 18. MOSS. 19. GAY. 20. TENSE.
DOWN. 1. SLUM. 2. SEE. 3. DIE. 4. FLAT or FLIT. 6. CASE. 7. SHIP. 9. BIT. 10. FOAM. 11. RIP. 12. MAST. 14. ACES. 16. HESS. 17. FISH.

WINNING SQUARE

S	H	O	E		S	L	A	P		D				
L	A	H		F	E	W		S	K	I				
U		M	O	L	E		C		O	E				
M	S	S			J	A	I	L						
	N		S	T	Y		S	T	A	B				
F	I	R	E		E	M	E			U				
O	P	I	N	E		A		S	A	T				
A	P		D	A	S	H		C						
M	T		B	I	T	E		P						
	E	L	E	C	T		N	O	S	E				
G	A	Y		T	E	N	S	E		N				

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point FLAT and FLIT were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 193, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, March 16, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, March 28. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

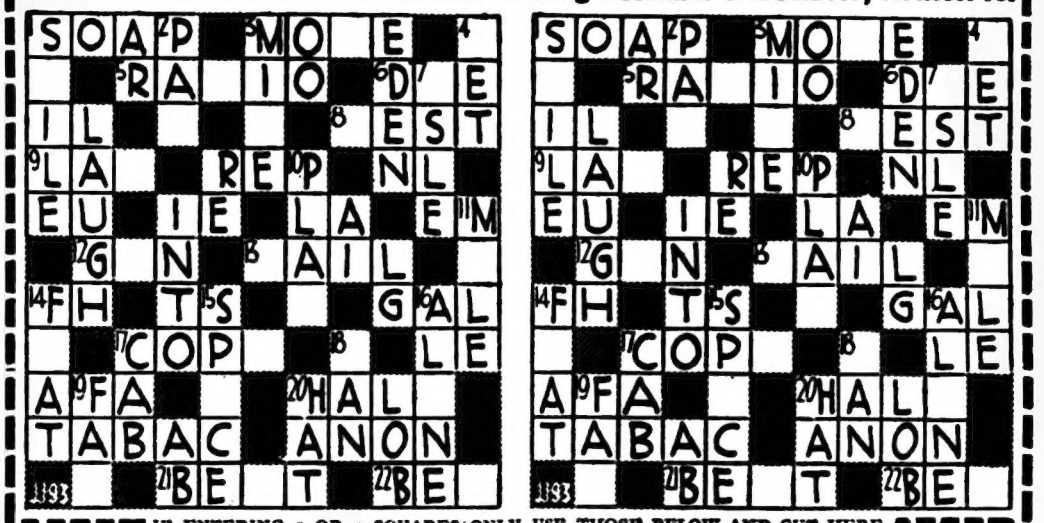
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £300 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

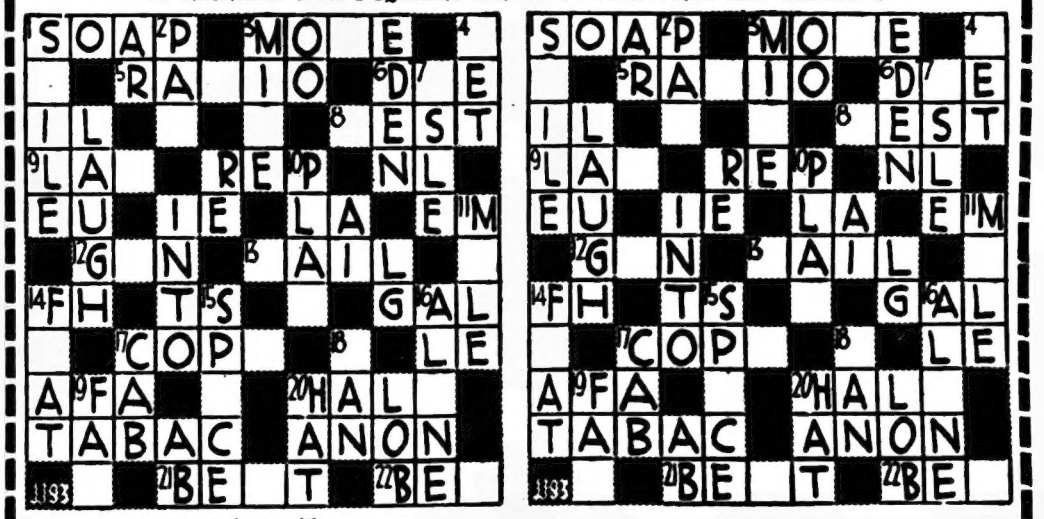
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 193. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, MARCH 16.



IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

Name .....

Address .....

P.O. Value.... No. .....

REMEMBER ALSO TO ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO THIS "GAZETTE" LABEL.

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE)

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

Mark X in this square if you do not already possess a red Collecting Book for National Savings Stamps. ☐

To-day's Dr. Cassells

Health Bulletin

If nerve suffering is your trouble read these two remarkable cases, which show you how to overcome your weakness and make a good recovery.

ANÆMIC, RUNDOWN, NERVY

Too many young women will see in this letter a portrait of themselves—a description of the weakness they feel. But if they take the same steps to get well they'll soon be looking the picture of health! Read what Miss K. W. of London has to say: "*I was run down and nervy and used to feel done. But Dr. Cassells Tablets quickly conquered the trouble and restored me to perfect health. SO AMAZING WAS THEIR EFFECT UPON MY VITALITY THAT THEY INCREASED MY POWERS OF ENDURANCE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT.*" That's what 2 Dr. Cassells Tablets three times a day can do.

NOW — 100% Better!

DID NOT EXPECT to be WELL AGAIN

—and here he is writing us a letter at 75 years old, feeling as young as a man of half his age, and in the best of health. This is how Mr. H. of Lambeth puts it: "*I have been crippled with rheumatism and doubled up with kidney trouble. I didn't expect ever to be well again because I thought such complaints were inseparable from my age—75. But Dr. Cassells Tablets cured me! No rheumatism, no trouble with my kidneys, I AM AS STRONG, HALE and HEARTY as a man of 45.*" We could hardly print more thoroughgoing testimony to the way in which Dr. Cassells build up general health and eradicate signs of weakness.

NOW — Dr. Cassells have cured me

Feed your Nerves with

DR CASSELLS TABLETS

—AND YOU WILL QUICKLY

EAT BETTER!

SLEEP BETTER!

FEEL BETTER!

1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Trial size 6d.

The Great Nerve Tonic and Body Builder

WHOOPING COUGH and CROUP

Mothers! Get this Free Booklet!

MOTHERS should know of the instant relief given by Potter's Asthma Cure. Fill in the coupon on page 35 for a valuable free copy of a booklet which explains the benefit obtained from a remedy with more than a half a century's reputation. Cut out coupon now and post at once for free booklet.

THE LAST LAUGH

ELSIE (Newbury).—"There was quite a crowd round the window in which the photographer had put my photo." You had taken all your relations to see it?

COMEDIAN (Wigan).—"I live on fruit and vegetables—a cheap form of diet." Especially if donated by your audience.

MRS. P. (Richmond).—"My husband is always demonstrating with his arms the size of the fish he caught." A very useful pose when you want to wind your wool.

H. L. (Luton).—"He stood day-dreaming in the middle of the road and I drove round him." That was decent of you considering that petrol is rationed.

NOVELIST (Kew).—"I wrote my latest book during the black-out evenings." Unfortunately, however, they must continue.

FIFTY (Halifax).—"I have walked soberly all my days and now . . ." Yes, yes, but what about the nights?

R. M. (Stevenage).—"I must admit that my daughter's young man has taking ways." Photographer or burglar?

D. N. (Evesham).—"Cotton will keep the birds away from your early seeds." No doubt, but we cannot afford to employ a champion golfer in our garden.

P. B. (Spalding).—"I had no real reason for opening the front door, but, as soon as I did so, she threw a cup at me." You didn't know what you were letting yourself in for.

DOCTOR (Berks).—"A young man I'd never seen before walked into my surgery last week and told me how he'd benefited by my treatment." Perhaps he was somebody's heir.

DICK (Newport).—"The world is not so progressive as the scientists would have us believe. Can you tell me of one really good thing we have now that we hadn't got a hundred years ago?" Yes, JOHN BULL.

R. N. (Hampstead).—"Do you realise that it has been even colder in Germany than it has been in this country?" Well, we did hear that Goering's doctor had advised him to wear at least one more medal.

A. L. (Chelsea).—"I thought out the plot for my best story just after I reached home late and tired the other night." Most married men take the precaution of thinking out their best stories long before they reach home.

"Bullets" Illustrated:
Pair of Army Boots, Outside Tent—Algy's

B. N. (Chepstow).—"If an incendiary bomb fell near your house, what would you put it out with?" All possible speed.

P. L. (Barmouth).—"If, as many diet specialists affirm, we usually eat too much, what have we to lose even on strict rationing?" Weight.

G. N. (Honiton).—"When I got married, I was presented with a radio set guaranteed to give me years of listening." You'd have had your years of listening even without the radio set.

M. N. (Plumpton).—"I couldn't get on in journalism, I couldn't get on in politics and I couldn't get on in business. I am nearly fifty—do you know anything I can get on in now?" Yes, years.

R. M. (Twyford).—"We Britishers are famed for our stamina and resourcefulness, but what should we be without the meat that helps us to maintain these qualities?" Vegetarians.

J. G. (Falmouth).—"I was very annoyed and told the waiter just what I thought about finding a fly in my soup." We hope you weren't too heavy with him—after all, a fly can't eat much soup.

R. B. (Somewhere in France).—"The elementary French I learned at school has stood me in good stead over here." Good heavens! You don't mean to say that you have found that pen of your aunt?

RECRUIT (Warley).—"I went round to the girl's house for the first time and discovered that her father was my sergeant." Then you got your marching orders?

S. A. (Macclesfield).—"The speaker, during his lecture, stated definitely that we owe a great debt of gratitude to the bankers." If it were only gratitude we should not hesitate for a moment to drop in on our bank manager to express our thanks and best wishes.

R. V. S. (Heston).—"I found my wife crying in the kitchen, but soon cheered her up." By peeling the onions yourself?

J. F. (Barnet).—"I abhor the slang word 'dough' which is used to indicate money." Furthermore, it doesn't fit—dough proper *sticks* to the fingers.

E. K. (Lydney).—"Would it surprise you to hear that our troops in France consumed a ton of medicine a day during the recent cold weather?" No, we always knew they could take it.

P. N. (Lenham).—"We have a very generous neighbour." So have we. He shares his radio with us.

H. L. (Crediton).—"A psychologist asserts that an average woman's thoughts are above her dress." On her hat, presumably.

S. W. (Windsor).—"Even in the bitterest weather, I still turn on the cold tap for my morning bath." As well as the hot tap, you mean?

EX-JOCKEY (Newmarket).—"I have won several races in my time by singing to my horse." The animal tried to get out of earshot, we suppose.

H. L. P. (Mistley).—"I am not one of those who believe that women have more backbone than men." No—but most of 'em show more of it.

F. M. (Dulverton).—"It grieves me to think that certain county cricket grounds will be closed this summer." Still, you'll probably find some other quiet place to have your afternoon nap.

STRUGGLING AUTHOR (London, W.).—"I feel that my work will be read long after Shakespeare, Milton and Dickens are forgotten." Perhaps so—but not a day before that.

TOD (York).—"My old dad believed in capital punishment, but I don't. I would vote to abolish it." Tut! Tut! Capital punishment was good enough for your father, and it should be good enough for you.

FARM WORKER (Devizes).—"There's a meddling group of people trying to keep down the consumption of beer during the war. If they take away our beer, what remains?" Just the empty tankard, we suppose.

A. E. (Scunthorpe).—"At a rather hectic dinner-party I attended recently I mistook one of the guests for the butler." You shouldn't have made that error, for it is easy to distinguish—the butler knows how to behave himself.

R. M. (Henley).—"I wonder what Germany thinks of the British and French Army meeting in a series of football matches?" Well, we have heard that she is seriously thinking of challenging Russia to a game of "Beat Your Neighbour Out of Doors."

THE KID By LEES

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SOUTH WALES DAILY POST:—". . . but it is the quiet of the CLAM before the storm."

DAILY EXPRESS:—". . . and forces a confession from his FRYING lips."

THE MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Alarm calls on SUNGLES roused the camp shortly after midnight . . ."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"In the Vosges region, Alpine troops on SKIES and on foot carried out useful and discreet patrols . . ."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"The crew took to the boats and were KICKED up by a British naval vessel."

SUNDAY CHRONICLE:—"Scotsmen are up in arms against the rising cost of their STABLE diet, porridge and milk."

DONCASTER CHRONICLE:—"Shorthand, 50 YARDS per minute . . ."

LICHFIELD MERCURY:—". . . all wish him to send their CONGREGATIONS to Mr. R—— on his appointment as a county magistrate."

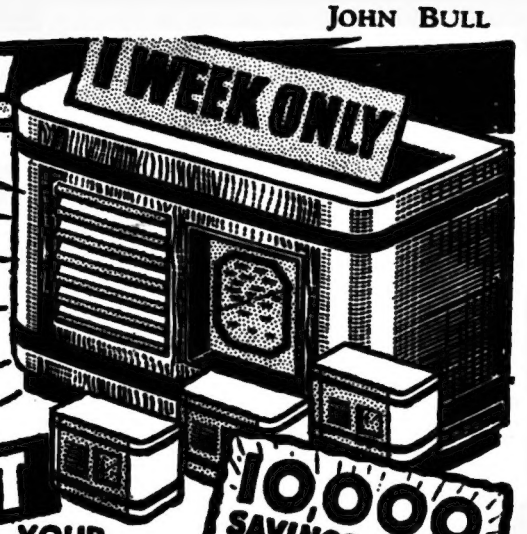
DAILY EXPRESS:—"Naturally. 'No BEARD was baked at all,' commented a man with a long white BREAD.

WIN A FINE CHEQUE and RADIO!

INCREASED 'Bullets' 1ST PRIZE AND 2,241 NEW WAR BONUSES

£250

plus SUPERB All-mains RADIO SET



THIS WAY TO WIN CASH and RADIO!

NOW comes the opening contest of JOHN BULL's great new "Help-Win-the-War" Campaign. An increased First Prize of £250 plus Radio, other Cash-plus-Radio prizes and a special War Bonus of a National Savings Stamp with *every* prize awarded—these are your reasons for starting on *Bullets* this week, even if you have never competed before.

As you will have read on page 17, the offer of Free Savings Stamps with all prizes, as well as to users of coupon for Prepaid Vouchers below, means that every *Bullets* Competition and every week of the Free National Savings Stamps Offer below will add to the war time savings of "Bulleteers" and speed the Allied victory.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. As a guide to winning *Bullets*, study the successful efforts below, any of which might well have been fitted together by *you*. And make sure that your entry is post-marked not later than Saturday, March 16.

£20 plus RADIO	£10 plus RADIO	YOUR £5:19:6 RADIO —the elegant "Little Maestro" model in walnut, for A.C. or D.C. mains. BICYCLE or BIG ARMCHAIR IF PREFERRED.	
£5 plus RADIO	£4 plus RADIO	£3 plus RADIO	
10 Prizes of £2·10		25 of 10/-	
200 SURPRISE AWARDS VALUE 5/-		2,000 OTHER AWARDS	

10,000 SAVINGS STAMPS FREE TO 'BULLETEERS'

To help your war-time saving, "John Bull" has secured 10,000 official War Savings Stamps, to be distributed FREE amongst "Bullets" Prize-winners. Look out for YOUR first stamp with ANY prize won in this Contest!

Extra entries on plain paper will be accepted at same rate of entry-fee.

'BULLETS' 1,208 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £300:

C. H. LAWDHAM, 22, Twyford Court, London, N.

Example: WON'T HELP
Bullet: THE "COLOURS," CIVILIAN "ELITES."

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

C. M. TRICKITT, 77, Houghton Road, Grantham.

Example: Worth Enduring For
Bullet: Of Enduring Worth.

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

F. GRAHAM, 55, Jasper Avenue, Deneside, Seaham, Co. Durham.

Example: Survivors
Bullet: Not Cat!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

5 PRIZES OF £5:

C. EARLE, 140a, Northdown Road, Margate.
When Winston Broadcasts—Sounds Tough—Sounds Stuff.

E. L. FARRAR, 21, Kingsway Crescent, Levenshulme, Manchester.
To Defend Britannia—As Protectress, Serve Britannia!

P. W. S. OSBORNE, 448, Church Road, Northolt, Middlesex.
The Survivors—Fritz's *Sights* "Picked Up."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

G. F. SKELDING, 21, Hastings Place, Marsh Street, Bradford.
Love's Magic—Carpet Vanishes—"Fares, Please!"

S. H. WELLS, 2, Holmfield Avenue, Hendon.
Problems Of To-morrow—Grave—So Save, Grow!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

Mrs. G. BONTS, Windermere Lodge, Hockley.
World Of To-morrow—Might Chained—Mighty Changes.

A. BROADBENT, 66, Main Street, Woodhouse Eaves, nr. Loughborough.
When Hens Grumbling, But You *May*!

G. H. BUTLER, 46, Forest Road, Heswall, Wirral.
If Wishes Were Rationed—Toast-master, Gentlemen, Here's Bill!"

J. M. ELLIOTT, 30, Yarwood Road, Chelmsford.
The Survivors — Describing Hardships? Revealing Bravery!

L. M. GATHERER, 2, Park Street North, Hatfield, Aberdeen.
Love's Magic—"Produces" Oats From Everywhere!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

T. GRIFFITHS, 43, Hazelwood Road, Leicester.
If Wishes Were Rationed—"Penny-a-liner" On The Rocks."

Miss M. HUNT, 21, Fairlie Crescent, Bootle, Lancs.
Making Time — Suits Goering — Medals Jaeger!

G. MAKIN, Denholme, Moss Lane, Timperley.
Give Sonny A Chance And—Teach Farming Whilst Evacuee!

Mrs. W. NELSON, Bogend, Duns, Berwickshire.
When Winston Broadcasts — "Butter"? "Sugar"? No—"Meat"!

F. WARR, 20, Blythwood Road, Crouch Hill, London, N.
Risking Their Lives—Germans, Roaming Radio's "Highways."

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO REBUILD THE WORLD
PRIVATE SMITH
RECIPE FOR PEACE
DOING WELL
WE WANT TO KNOW WHERE
AUNTIE THINKS
KEEP YOUR HEAD AND
COLD COMFORT
OUGHT TO BE BROADCAST
GRATEFULLY
THE HOUSE WAS FULL, SO
SAD BUT TRUE
DAD TOOK A STRONG LINE AND
WAVE OF INDIGNATION
A LITTLE EXTRA
COST OF LIVING
CAMOUFLAGED
OVER THE TOP
MAN I LOATHE
IF GERMANY WON

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

UNDER THE .....
TOO MANY .....
..... MAN
AS ..... SAYS
..... POLICY
TERRIBLE .....

N.B. Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 36, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword weekly.

ADDRESS ENTRY:

"Bullets" No. 1,212, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

WIN WITH THIS NEW EASY-to-ENTER COUPON for 1, 2, 3 or 4 'BULLETS'

You MUST complete this LABEL to ensure receiving POST-FREE copy of "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sat., Mar. 30. **MARK X here....**

If you do not already possess a red Collecting Book for National Savings Stamps.

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....
—Clear Block Letters

.....
25

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,212

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

Closing postmark

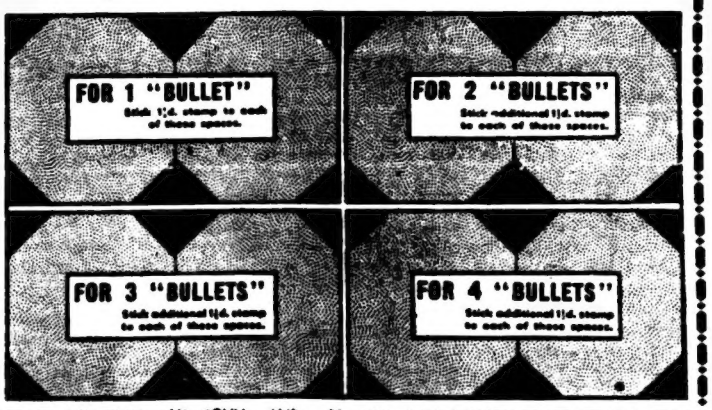
SAT., MAR. 16

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

ENTRY-FEE

Firmly affix 1½d. Stamps in these spaces at the rate of 3d. for each Bullet submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred, in which case write its number and value across stamp space.


FOR 1 "BULLET"
Stick 1½d. stamp to each of these spaces.
FOR 2 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d. stamp to each of these spaces.
FOR 3 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d. stamps to each of these spaces.
FOR 4 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d. stamps to each of these spaces.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

FREE SAVINGS STAMPS FOR PRE-PAID VOUCHER APPLICANTS

APPLY ON THIS COUPON. VALID UNTIL TUESDAY, MARCH 26

APART from distribution of Savings Stamps with this week's *Bullets* and Crossword Prizes, JOHN BULL will present UNLIMITED FREE SAVINGS STAMPS to readers applying on this Coupon for Prepaid Entry Vouchers, taking place of P.O. or stamps as entry-fee.
With FIVE 6d. VOUCHERS, cost 2s. 6d.—ONE NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMP GIFT.
With TEN 6d. VOUCHERS, cost 5s.—TWO NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMP GIFTS.
Simply augment your *Bullets* or Crossword Entry-fee this week by 2s. 6d. or 5s. as desired, enclose this Coupon and write "FREE GIFT" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

NAME

ADDRESS

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,212 or X-word No. 193 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

How does she keep so SLIM and Youthful

PROBABLY not one in ten could guess her real age. Her figure is still neat and trim, her complexion flawless—and she's as active and happy as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger than you really are and enjoy the blessing of perfect health by taking Bile Beans at bedtime each night. Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, eliminate daily all harmful waste, and counteract any tendency to put on weight.

So, start taking Bile Beans to-night if you would be really youthful and attractively slim.

"A friend whom I had not met for years told me the other day that I looked younger than ever. I am delighted with Bile Beans. My health is now splendid and I can walk miles without fatigue. When people ask me what I take to keep so slim and well, I tell them just Bile Beans every night."—Mrs. E. H., Manchester.

* * *

"A doctor asked what made me look so young. When I told him Bile Beans he said I couldn't take anything finer. My health is wonderfully improved since taking them."—Mrs. B. B., Southsea.

By Nightly Taking

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

F. 38 J.B.L.114 101 ★

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B.218 A.379